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BLEW UP.

Another Locomotive Lets Go, This Time on The Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad.

Fireman Ronaldson Was Instantly Killed and Engineer James Boyer Fatally Hurt—Many Cars Piled up and Passenger Traffic Delayed Several Hours.

One of the worst accidents that have occurred on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, took place on the Cincinnati division last night and as a result the morning trains were from three to four hours late.

The accident was similar to the one which occurred on the C & E railway Sunday near Spencerville and Fireman Ronaldson was killed and engineer Boyer is now in a Hamilton hospital, fatally injured. A dispatch from Jones, near which station the explosion took place, says.

JONES, O., Nov. 24.—The engine of north bound freight train No. 65 exploded south of Jones Station at 9.40 Wednesday night, causing a frightful wreck. The engine and tender were hurled down a 30-foot embankment. Engineer Charles Boyer was buried beneath the wreck with Firemen Ronaldson. Both men were rescued. They were literally sawed out from beneath the engine. A wrecking crew from Hamilton is now at work clearing the track.

Fireman Ronaldson was found dead under the tank in the ditch. The head brakeman, Harry Metz, was thrown through the trees and landed about 50 feet from the track in a field, sustaining a light scalp wound and some bruises.

Twenty-three cars were derailed and the track torn up for about fifty yards.

Brakeman Metz did a heroic act by at once flagging the west-bound passenger train and thereby saving many lives.

Engineer Boyer was taken to Hamilton and placed in the hospital.

SHORT SPECIALS.

It is estimated that the prairie fires in the Indian territory have destroyed $500,000 worth of property.

The Bethlehem Iron Co Wednesday night shipped the after turret plates for the Kentucky to Newport News. The plates are 13 inches thick and weigh upwards of 50 tons.

The Commercial club of St. Paul has presented a loving cup to Capt. Chas. D. Sigsbee, who as commander of the auxiliary cruiser St. Paul, had an active part in the victories of the recent war.

Wash King, a jockey who has ridden on eastern and western tracks for the past 18 years, is dead at his home in Atchison, Kas., from the effects of a fall received while riding at Denver two years ago.

Great numbers of cattle dipped according to the new quarantine regulations have died during the recent cold spell in Oklahoma. Out of a herd of 500 dipped last week 50 have died at Guthrie in two days.

There has been a street fight among the political parties at Seoul, capital of Corea. On one side 25 persons were killed and further bloodshed is feared. The Japanese government has been asked to send troops to preserve order at Seoul.

Gov Tanner's proclamation declaring martial law in Pana went into effect at 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Capt Ed Butler commands a provost guard in Latham district Lieut. Beam in Springside district and Lieut Taylor in East Pana.

Gen Matthew C. Butler, of the Cuban military commission, with his aide, Lieut. Hampton, sailed from Havana Wednesday on the steamer Mascotte for the United States by way of Tampa, Fla. They are expected to return in about two weeks.

After being stuck in a snow drift a mile east of Madison Lake, Minn., for 24 hours, the Minneapolis & St Louis train due Tuesday afternoon arrived in Mankato, Minn Wednesday with 75 passengers All trains are now running and no further trouble is anticipated.

By the direction of the president, Assistant Secretary Melkejohn, of the war department, Wednesday issued an order "that sulphate and bisulphate of quinine and all alkaloids or salts of cinchona bark shall be admitted at all ports in the island of Porto Rico free of duty."

A man named Cranwell, his wife and child, 7 years old, were caught in a blizzard some miles from Viola Kas. They were camped in their wa The horses could not move in the and the family remained there for nights and a day The child frozen to death.

BUCKEYE NEWS.

New and Interesting Happenings Within Our Borders.

A Findlay Gas Boom Echo.

FINDLAY, O., Nov 24.—Judge Peter Swing and John W Harper, of Cincinnati, have been made defendants in a suit in connection with the Farmers' National bank's claims against a land syndicate organized here during the gas boom period. The petition asks that Judge Swing be ordered to make an accounting as trustees, and that he turn over $8,000, which he claims he turned over to the syndicate fund. A receiver was appointed for the syndicate.

Bank Robbed of a Large Amount.

UTICA, O., Nov. 24.—The Wilson bank was robbed while the officials were absent for a period of 15 minutes at the dinner hour Wednesday. $2,000 in registered bonds, $5,600 in coupon bonds and $5,600 in gold and currency being taken. No clue, but tramps are supposed to have done the work. Entrance was effected through a back window. Posses are out on all roads.

Double Headed Sheep.

UPPER SANDUSKY, O., Nov. 24.—W. F. Culver, a farmer residing south of this city, sold a freak ewe to Mr. H. A. Thiel of this place Wednesday. The ewe has two heads the second head being very small, projecting from the left side of the neck below the ear The mouth acts simultaneously with the mouth of the regular head It is three years old.

That Round Robin.

CLEVELAND O., Nov 24.—With reference to the "round robin" from the officers of the 8th regiment of the Ohio volunteers, asking for the resignation of Col. Hard and Lieut. Col. Dick, Maj. Charles C Weybrecht said Wednesday night that no request was made for Lieut. Col. Dick's resignation by anybody or for Col. Hard's by officers of the regiment."

Ate Poisoned Candy.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Nov 24 — Miss Katherine Williams and Miss Gertrude Schuman are seriously ill at their homes from eating chocolate creams. Both were taken sick within a short time of each other, and physicians called in pronounce the young ladies suffering from the effects of eating poisoned candy.

Smothered in a Soap Vat.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 24.—James Jordan, aged 54, a colored inmate of Longview asylum, was found dead in a soap vat at the institution late Tuesday night. Jordon was a soap maker and worked about the soap vats at the asylum. He is supposed to have fallen into the vat and smothered to death.

Burglars Caught.

CHILLICOTHE, O., Nov. 24.—The burglars who robbed the hardware store of Gillum & Spetnagle a few days since, have been arrested at Seymour, Ind., with the stolen goods in their possession. They were positively identified by a check found on them, made payable to Gillum & Spetnagle.

Given a Life Sentence.

CAMBRIDGE, O., Nov. 24.—Orrin D. Law, indicted for murdering his father-in-law, 'Squire Boyd, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Wirick, Wednesday pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree and was given a life sentence in the penitentiary.

Smokeless Powder and Springfields.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 24.—It is stated that when the Ohio national guard shall be organized the men will be furnished Springfield rifles with smokeless powder The state at present has but seven companies of equipped militia.

Will Sail December 3

SPRINGFIELD, O., Nov. 24.—Frank B. Loomis, American minister to Venezuela, and wife, who are in the city attending the funeral of Mrs. Loomis' father P P Mast, will sail December 8 for Venezuela to resume his duties.

Alleged Defaulter Arrested.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 24.—Harry H. Kabrick, who was arrested in Springfield and who is charged with being a defaulter to the amount of $8,000 at Fitzgerald, Ga., has been brought here, awaiting extradition.

PARIS, Nov 24 —The funeral of Dr. Stephen H Tyng, the former president of the American chamber of commerce, whose death was announced on November 17, took place Wednesday in the American church in the Rue D'Agues seau. Among those present were the United States ambassador, Gen Horace Porter, the staff of the United States embassy and many prominent members of the American colony.

Tommy Ryan Awarded the Decision.

SYRACUSE, N Y., Nov. 24. —Tommy Ryan the champion welterweight, went against Johnny Gorman, of Brooklyn, before the Monarch Athletic club in this city Wednesday night and was awarded the decision by Referee Yank Sullivan. Gorman's manager threw up the sponge at the end of the eighth round of what was to have been a ten round go.

GREAT HOTEL FIRE

The Historic Baldwin, of San Francisco, an Immense Structure, Food for Flames.

TWO MEN ARE KNOWN TO BE KILLED.

The Baldwin Theater and the Property of the Gillette Company is Also a Total Loss.

Heroic Rescues of the Guests of the Hotel by Firemen—One of the Rescuers Rescues Three Women and Then Lost His Life.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24.—At 3.25 Wednesday morning the Baldwin hotel caught fire, and it was entirely destroyed. There were 800 people, guests and employes, in the hotel when the fire broke out, and at first a number of these people were thought to have lost their lives. J. W. White is one of the victims, but before he gave up his life the gallant fellow saved the lives of three women.

For years the Baldwin has been regarded by the fire department as the most dangerous fire trap in San Francisco. Built of wood, six stories high, with a narrow and tortuous hallway; it is a wonder that half of the people in the hotel Wednesday morning escaped They were slow to awaken Many were dazed and stupified by smoke when the police, the firemen and hotel employes, hurrying through the hallways kicked open doors and notified the people of their great danger When they managed to reach the windows and fire escapes there were no ladders. Many attempted to jump from the windows to the street, but were warned not to do so by the crowds below. Then the firemen got up their ladders and commenced taking people to the ground, rescuing many in this manner.

The entire top of the hotel was a blazing mass. Those in the street below could see through the rifts in the smoke along the attic cornices forms of men and women crouching and clinging to the woodwork, which was already beginning to smoulder.

Streams from 30 engines were being poured upon the blazing building from every point of vantage, but without any apparent effect. Explosion followed explosion. The roof of the building collapsed, taking with it back into the building a number of those who had been clinging for life to the attic gables.

The death of White was most dramatic. Three women appeared on the cornice of the fifth floor on the Market street side of the hotel. The firemen could not reach them with ladders, and they stood helpless, screaming with terror. Suddenly White came out of a window carrying a small rope. With this he lowered the women into the arms of the firemen who were waiting at the windows of the next floor Then he started down the rope hand-over-hand. Half way down the rope parted and the man who had just saved three lives was dashed to the pavement 100 feet below.

"Lucky" Baldwin had a narrow escape from perishing with his fire trap. Amid all the din he slept peacefully until his room was broken into and he was dragged from his bed.

H. I. Kowalsky, a well known attorney, was dragged unconscious from his bed. He will recover.

One of the most thrilling incidents of the fire was the rescue of A. H. Christie by Fireman Keogh. For a few minutes Christie ran to and fro on the cornice of the fifth floor, seeking in vain for some way to escape the rapidly approaching flames. Fireman Keogh, after many efforts, managed to reach Christie and bring him down in safety.

E. J. Baldwin stated Wednesday that he carried $100,000 insurance but he could not remember in what company.

The Baldwin theater was completely demolished by the falling of the fifth floor. The entire effects of the "Secret Service" was destroyed. Nothing whatever was saved The scenery and stage settings were very valuable. A great deal of jewelry and money belonging to members of the company were lost. In addition the contracts were burned

The Columbia theater and places of business opposite the Baldwin were damaged by water to the extent of $15,000. E J Baldwin, owner of the hotel, is prostrated and unable to tell much about his affairs. He says he will not be able to estimate his loss for several days. H. W Lake, manager of the hotel, barely managed to get out with his wife and child. He says there were 802 guests in the hotel.

It is now thought that A J White and Mr. Myer were the only people to lose their lives. All the guests are thought to have and all the employes have counted for.

The following is a correct list of the dead injured and missing. Several of those first reported as missing have been found, while others not before named are not yet all accounted for.

Dead: Capt J L White, San Francisco, capitalist; Lewis Myers, Skagway, Alaska, merchant.

Injured—E P Noon St Louis M. left ankle sprained hands and neck bruised, George Huber, San Francisco, cut about body: Miss Bridget Mitch , San Francisco, badly bruised: Fire Marshal Towe, San Francisco, cut about head: George Carroll, cut and bruised about hands and arms.

Missing: J. M. Leighthead, San Francisco, purser steamer City of Sydney, Tate Pryor, racing sheet writer F. R. Andrews, cashier of cafe; Joe Summerfield, Chicago, book maker, Fred Webster, two chambermaids, John Carter, race track judge.

LYNCHING FRUSTATED.

Attempt to Hang Three Negroes, Alleged to Have Been Accomplices of Ed Merriweather, Who Was Hung.

MONTICELLO, Ga., Nov 24.—Ed Merriweather, the Negro who was lynched Tuesday, confessed, before he was hanged, to the murder of a young white man, and said three other Negroes Irvin Chaney, Jake Glover and Mary Ramey, assisted him After disposing of Merriweather, the mob rushed back to the jail to get the other Negroes who had been arrested on suspicion Ropes were put around their necks and they were dragged to the place where Merriweather's bullet-riddled body was hanging

A large number of citizens had heard of the effort to lynch the other three Negroes and they hurried to the scene It was only by the most vigorous efforts that this lynching was prevented. One of the Negroes was already drawn up on a limb when a young white man jumped forward and cut the rope. The mob then gave up and the three Negroes were turned over to the sheriff. They are now in jail.



GEORGE D MEIKLEJOHN.
(Assistant Secretary of War Who Wants to Be a Senator.)

BRIDGE BARRICADED.

Attempt Made to Wreck the Imperial Train on Which Was the Czar of Russia.

BERLIN, Nov. 24.—A dispatch from Elbing, the seaport of West Prussia, says an attempt was made upon the life of the czar while his majesty was returning from Copenhagen Just before the czar's special train crossed the bridge between Boehmenhoefen and Lagern, a switchman discovered that the bridge had been barricaded. By almost superhuman efforts, as a result of which he is now in the hospital, the switchman it appears, succeeded in removing the obstacles sufficiently to permit of the passage of the imperial train.

An investigation which is being conducted in secret is still proceeding.

SNOW IN ENGLAND.

Numerous Accidents on Railways—Fierce Winds Cause Many Wrecks Along the Coast.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—The fierce winds, accompanied by a sudden cold snap, have proved serious over the whole northern portion of the kingdom. The snow has caused many blockades and a number of accidents on the railways

Along the coasts there have been numerous wrecks and the life boats have been in constant requisition. The channel traffic is practically suspended and the hotels at Calais, on the French side, are crowded with travelers waiting to cross to Dover.

Systematic Robbery.

WHEELING, W. Va., Nov. 24.—A systematic series of robberies of Hoobs' glasshouse warerooms was discovered here All the molds, brasses and light machinery were removed.

Why Judge Gordon Resigned.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 24 —Judge Gordon Wednesday night issued a statement that his resignation, which is dated November 11, was prompted only by a desire to resume the practice of law and emphatically denying that it has any connection with the Ryan case.

THE PEACE MEN.

They Met Again Wednesday and Adjourned Until Saturday — Believed That Spain Will Agree to Our Demand.

WASHINGTON Nov. 24. Secretary Hay Wednesday noon received a cablegram from Judge Day saying that the peace commission met Wednesday morning, but adjourned to Friday or Saturday to give the Spanish commissioners time to prepare their answers to the demands of the United States. The administration still believes the Spaniards will eventually accept the American proposition.

PARIS, Nov. 24 —The opposition to acceptance of the American terms on the part of the Spanish delegates has increased instead of diminished since Monday. Two of Senor Montero Rios' associates, the three making a majority of the commission, are said to have joined him in making a strong recommendation to the Madrid government to reject the American offer, regardless of consequences. It is improbable that this advice will be adopted, but Prime Minister Sagasta will find great difficulty in enforcing his peace policy against the wishes of a majority of his delegates. It is an open question whether they will obey instructions to sign the treaty of peace. It is certain, in any event, that they will disclaim all responsibility for the acceptance of the American terms, and will act only in the capacity of instruments of Senor Sagasta's decision.

MADRID, Nov. 24.—A member of the cabinet declared Wednesday morning that it was useless to attempt to ascertain anything relative to the labors of the peace commissioners. Nothing definite, he said, had been decided upon in regard to the conclusion of peace, and further meetings of the commission would have to be held.

PARIS, Nov. 24.—The Spanish peace commissioners are now awaiting categorical answers from Madrid to the points in the American ultimatum which they submitted to their government. A meeting is improbable before Friday.

The postponement of Wednesday is regarded as a hopeful sign that the treaty will be signed. While the Madrid government has not yet received the text of the American ultimatum, the Spanish ministers received quite enough by telegraph on Monday night to enable them to instruct their commissioners to retire, were such their intentions.

The belief was confidently expressed by several of the American commissioners in conversation with a correspondent Wednesday, that before the expiration of the time fixed by the Americans, namely, Monday next, the Spaniards will acquiesce in the United States' Philippine offer and that, ultimately, the treaty will be signed by all the Spanish commissioners. It is true that the course which Senor Montero Rios, the president of the Spanish commission, will follow, is still uncertain, as he continues to "play to the gallery," but a leading member of the American commission believes he will sign with the other Spaniards. In any case his place on the commission will be speedily filled, probably by Senor Leon y Castillo, the Spanish ambassador here.

Senor Montero Rios sent a communication to the American commissioners Tuesday evening asking a number of questions. The most important of them, and to get an answer to which the letter was undoubtedly written, was tucked away in the middle of the letter. It asked, in effect, if the Americans really meant that the ultimatum must be answered by Monday. The Spaniards were assured that such was the intent, and the answer has cleared the air.

A member of the Spanish commission Wednesday assured a press correspondent that the next meeting of the commissioners will take place on Friday or Saturday and that Spain's answer then will be the last she will make and that it will be a definite conclusion of the matter in hand

This utterance is looked upon as indicating that Spain will sign the treaty of peace.

Woman Fatally Burned.

ELKTON, Mich., Nov. 24.—Mrs. Thos Stephens was burned to death and Alex Ross was fatally burned Wednesday during a fire in Mrs. Stephens' house, caused by the explosion of an oil stove. The two were attempting to remove the stove when their clothing caught fire. Mrs. Stephens' daughter also suffered serious burns.

Walter Watson Dead.

CLIFTON, W. Va., Nov. 24.—Walter Watson, formerly pitcher for the Cincinnati Reds, who was shot election night by Lewis Schreiner at Middleport, O., died Wednesday from the effects of the wound. Schreiner has not been captured.

Discipline Too Much for Lieut. Gurko.

PARIS, Nov. 24.—It has now been proved that the young Russian lieutenant, Gurko, who died suddenly in a prison cell here last week under mysterious circumstances, died of poison.

SANDWICH ISLES.

The Commission Appointed to Form a Government Hold a Session in Washington.

BILL TO BE PRESENTED TO CONGRESS.

It Will Recommend That the System of Importing Laborers Under Contract Be Discontinued.

They Will Recommend a Regular Territorial Form of Government With a Governor, a Delegate to Congress and a Legislature.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—The commission appointed by the president to recommend a form of government for the Hawaiian islands as a part of the United States met in Senator Cullom's committee room at the capital Wednesday for the first time since leaving Honolulu. Senators Cullom and Morgan, Representative Hitt and Judge Frear being present.

The meeting was devoted to discussing details of the bill and report which the commission will present to congress, which had not been fully decided upon at the last meeting. The legislation which will be recommended by the commission will be included in a bill which, to all intents and purposes, will be an enabling act and very much like the bills providing for the admission of new states into the union except in the one important detail that it provides for the admission of a territory and not a state. The bill has been completed, but probably will be amended somewhat in detail. The report has not been completed, but the commission has decided upon its important features. One of these is a recommendation that the system of importing laborers under contract shall be discontinued. The commissioners have concluded that as the system is contrary to the laws applying to this country as a whole it would not be wise to continue it even temporarily in Hawaii. It is understood that a majority at least of the members of the commission do not accept the theory that Americans and Europeans can not do manual labor in the islands.

The commission will recommend a regular territorial form of government with a governor, a delegate in congress and a legislature. The legislature will be elected by the qualified voters of the islands, but there will be property and educational qualifications imposed upon those who vote for members of the upper house of the legislature. The franchise will not be extended to the Japanese and Chinese in the island, but the Portugues who become citizens will not be excluded under the restrictions imposed.

The commission will present full details of the value of property acquired, the income from tariff taxes and other important facts bearing upon the government of the islands. They estimate that the property secured to the United States will amount to more than $10,000,000. The public lands alone are believed to be worth about $5,000,000.

The report will be presented to congress soon after it convenes.



KHALIFA ABDULL
(Civil and Military Leader of the Dervishes in the Soud an.)

A Fair Comet Discovered

BOSTON, Nov. 24.—A message received at Harvard college observatory announces the discovery of a faint comet by Mr. Chase assistant at the Yale observatory, New Haven. Its position at the time of discovery, November 1 at 7 20 Greenwich time was right ascension 10 hours, 7 minutes and 4 seconds; declination north 22 degrees, 45 minutes. The comet has a daily motion in right ascension of 24 minutes, declination 4 minutes.

PARIS, Nov. 24.—The American University club gave its thanksgiving banquet Wednesday evening at the Hotel Continental. The dining room was draped with the stars and stripes and the French tricolor. In the absence of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, due to indisposition, Gen Horace Porter, the United States ambassador, presided.

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ROMANCE OF LIFE.

STRANGE ENOCH ARDEN STORY WITH VARIATIONS.

Wife Swept Away by Angry Sea—Disconsolate Husband Finds Her, in a Distant Quarter of the World, Wed to Another

(Special Letter.)

ROMANCE with an Enoch Arden flavor to it, but with such variations from Tennyson's poem as the individual natures of the participants in it suggest, comes from San Pedro, Cal. The actors in it are Mr. J. C. Newlin and wife.

Mr. Newlin is an Englishman by birth and a seafaring man. About four years ago he wooed, won and was married to a daughter of Capt. J. C. Parker of the English bark T. J. North. A brief honeymoon on land followed and then it was continued on the great waters, Mr. Newlin having accepted the position of mate on the North, taking his bride with him on the voyage.

It was on the return voyage from Iquique, Chili, to Liverpool that disaster came to the vessel. In one of these tremendous storms which have given to Cape Horn an unsavory reputation she struck on a reef and began to fill with water. All hands were ordered to the pumps, but the effort was in vain, and it soon became evident that the North's time was to be numbered by but a few hours at most.

For thirty-six hours the men stayed with the sinking ship; for thirty-six hours they manned the pumps and fought a hopeless fight against the grim fate which drew nearer to them with every mighty wave which swept the doomed vessel, and at the end of the thirty-six hours that fate was close upon them—the North was about to go down.

Then they prepared the two boats for launching; but fate had not yet done its worst. As they were about to take to the boats there came a wave like a mountain of water, which fell upon one of the boats and crushed it as if it were an egg shell.

"Cut away the other boat! The ship is about to go down!" cried Mrs. Newlin to her husband from her post of vantage on the forward part of the quarterdeck; and even as she shouted the words there came another great wave and swept her into the sea.

For Mate Newlin, who was lashed to the wheel, to cut himself loose from that position, rush to the remaining boat and lower it was but the work of a few moments. But his wife had disappeared, and he was compelled to give her up as lost. Then he helped the captain and three other seamen into the boat, losing the oars in doing so, but more could not be done before the vessel went down with all remaining on board.

The story of these five bits of human flotsam is such a one as not infrequently is told of those who "go down to the sea in ships." For three days, starving and athirst they tossed to and fro upon the waters, drifting at the will of wind and tide. At the end of three days, living skeletons and so weak they could not talk, they were picked up by the English steamer Olympic, bound for Philadelphia.

Mate Newlin was saved, but his wife was gone and he could not forget her. He drifted hither and thither upon the way of life, but always the memory of his lost wife was with him and sometimes in dreams he would hear again her final despairing shriek as the waters closed about her.

Finally, in his wanderings he came to Long Beach, Cal., and there accepted a position as mate of a pleasure yacht. And there the second chapter



THE REUNION.

in his life romance was opened by the hand of fate.

Among the passengers on this yacht on a day but a few weeks past was a woman who was the veritable image of his lost wife. It is fair to say, and thus dissipate all semblance of mystery that she should have been, for she and the wife were one and the same person. But Mr. Newlin did not know this then and not unnaturally, he was not disposed at first to give credence to the evidence of his own senses. It was only after he had talked with the woman and knew her story that he was compelled to believe.

When the giant wave came and swept her from the North she was drawn beneath the stern of the vessel and emerged on the opposite side. She was a good swimmer and managed to float till she was picked up by an English ship bound for Seattle, Wash., where she landed to be in the vicinity. She was saved and mourned her husband as dead.

After a time, however, she found comfort as people sometimes do in this queer world and married the inferior, a railroad man.

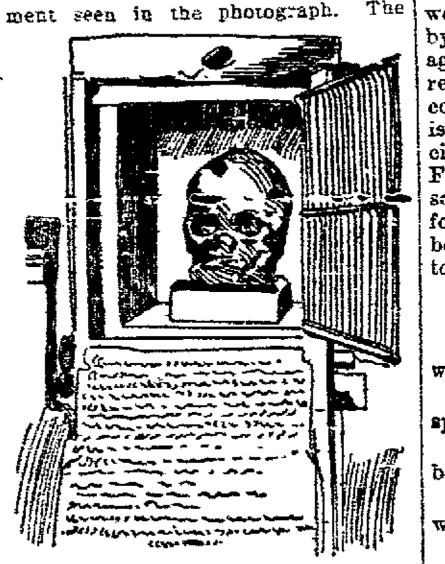
But a brief experience convinced her that her heart still clung more fondly to the loved one she had mourned as dead. And so a little variation from the Enoch Arden program was arranged by the strangely reunited people.

Mr. Newlin has shipped on the schooner Beulah, bound for a northern port, and he was compelled to complete his contract. So he "sailed away," but after his return, if there is no slip twixt the cup and the lip, he will meet his former wife in San Francisco.

This meeting is to take place next January, if all goes well. In the meantime the former Mrs. Newlin is to endeavor to arrange an amicable separation from her present husband.

ONCE CARRIED ON A PIKE.

The photograph below, says Golden Penny, is that of the skull of Simon, archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Richard II., the details of whose life and murder are set forth on the parchment seen in the photograph. The



SKULL OF AN ARCHBISHOP.

skull is preserved in a niche of the vestry in the old church of St. Gregory, Sudbury, Suffolk. History says that after his execution on Tower hill his head, placed on a pike and carried over London bridge, was followed by a part of his friends, who afterward brought it to Sudbury. Others of his friends, however, took his body for interment to Canterbury cathedral, where recently, on the tomb being opened, a cannon ball was found in the place of the head.

COLDEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

Symon's Monthly Meteorological Magazine gives an interesting account of "Life in the Coldest Country in the World," which has been taken from the bulletin of the Royal Geographical Society of Irkutsk. The name of the place is Werchojansk, in Siberia, longitude 133 degrees, 51 minutes east; latitude, 67 degrees, 34 minutes north, where the lowest temperature of minus 90 degrees Fahrenheit has been observed, and the mean of January is minus 48 degrees Fahrenheit. It is inhabited by about 10,000 persons of the Jakut and Lamat races.

In a large part of the region, according to Prof. Kovalik, the air is so dry and the winds are so rare that the intensity of the cold cannot be fully realized. In the most distant part of the east there are sometimes terrible storms, which are most fatal to life in their consequences. During the summer time the temperature occasionally rises to 86 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, while it freezes at night.

The latter part of the season is often marked by copious rains and extensive inundations, which invariably lay waste a vast acreage of land and prove to be a serious obstacle to the cultivation of the soil. Vegetation is very scanty. There are practically no trees —only wide, open meadows. The people hunt fur-bearing animals, fish and raise cattle and reindeer. It requires about eight cows to support a family, four being milked in the summer and two in the winter. The cattle are very small in size, and are fed with hay in winter. Occasionally they are allowed to go out when there is the slightest break in the weather, but their teats are always carefully covered with felt.

Milk is the principal food. This is sometimes supplemented with hares, which are quite abundant, but not very relishable. The houses are constructed of wood covered with clay, and, as a rule consist of only one room, in which five people and animals live together. The upper and wealthier class are better provided with lodging and food. As a race they are exceedingly courteous and very hospitable, and they are excessively punctilious concerning points of honor, such as the proper place at table and at festivals.

Opened Husband's Letters.

Is a wife entitled to open her husband's letters? This is the knotty problem Judge Gates will be called upon to decide some time next month, when the Dix divorce case is tried. Henry St. John Dix filed the first suit of this kind Friday ever heard of in the country. He charges the defendant Olda Dix with prying into his affairs and with surreptitiously opening letters addressed to him. The outcome of the case will be watched with interest by those women who exercise a wifely censorship over their better halves' correspondence.—Kansas City World.

THE HOME OF KING COTTON.

Belief That the United States Will Always Control the Industry.

It is believed that the United States will always be able to control the cotton trade of the world, and if our land was properly farmed, we could easily run other countries out of the market. But the old cotton patches of the shiftless farmers must improve or disappear. Other cotton countries stand ready to increase their cotton crop upon the slightest provocation. It was the War of the Rebellion that made Egypt a cotton-growing country of importance. When the war closed our cotton ports in England, the Khedive of Egypt put out immense cotton plantations, and between 1861 and 1865 the crop of Egyptian cotton increased over 400 per cent. This sudden discovery of the country's possibilities has worked injury to our cotton industry ever since. Not only does Egypt supply a good deal of the demand of the world for cotton, but we import some 100,000 bales a year ourseles.

India has taken a similar start in cotton growing, and it only needs some opportune moment to stimulate it to a wonderful development. A war that would interfere with our cotton growing, or a sharp decrease in our cotton acreage so that the prices would advance a few cents a pound, would be followed in India and Egypt by a doubling or trebling of the acreage. The advance thus gained would require years to overcome. How low cotton can go and yet prove profitable is a problem that the future must decide. With a new stimulus in our Far Eastern trade relations, it may soon be found that five-cent and even four-cent cotton will prove a great boom to the South, and, incidentally, to the country.—New York Sun.

WISE WORDS

In life, as in chess, forethought wins.—Buxton.

In idleness there is perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

They never pardon who commit the wrong.—Dryden.

Fortune does not change men; it only unmasks them.—Riccoboni.

Our first impulses are good, generous, heroical; reflection weakens and kills them.—L. A. Martin.

It is a great evil, as well as a misfortune, to be unable to utter a prompt and decided "no."—C. Simmons.

Nothing is so good for an ignorant man as silence; and if he was sensible of this he would not be ignorant. —Saadi.

Money dishonestly acquired is never worth its cost, while a good conscience never costs as much as it is worth.—J. P. Senn.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use. —Johnson.

When we have practiced good actions awhile they become easy; when they are easy, we take pleasure in them; when they please us, we do them frequently; and then, by frequency of act, they grow into a habit. —Tillotson.

Obligatory Uniforms For Lady Students.

Is this another form of man's tyranny? An official notice has appeared on the blackboard of the university in St. Petersburg, intimating that the lady students in the Faculty of Medicine are to wear a uniform. Not only this; the Consilium Academicum; after the laying together of learned heads, had fixed on the material to be worn and the place were it shall be made up. For the stuff—the word is to be noticed, stug—the unfortunate lady is to apply to a cloth merchant of the name of Ssamochwaloff, and the complete article must be consummated in the cutting-out school of a certain quarter of St. Petersburg. Against this sumptuary law the lady students protest. It is a matriculation unheard of, inconceivable. They object to yonder social mill and to emerging from it the counterpart of maid and maid, while as regards M. Paul Ssamochwaloff they briefly ask, "Who is this idol of the market place, and what are his patterns?" But that is the way in which some foreign professors are trying to stop the great emancipation. Only recently Berlin University refused admittance to two girl graduates because they wore the "zopf," or their hair in plaits. "They are," said Censorinus, "only schoolgirls."—London Truth.

Carved His Epitaph and Died.

"John Harmon died here from the bite of a rattlesnake."

This is an inscription on a beech tree standing on the knobs, in Monroe township, back of Jeffersonville, Ind. A date once followed the words, but it is now indistinct. There is a strange story connected with the inscription. An old resident relates it.

"Years ago, when that section of Indiana was little explored, and when the heavy bush was the dwelling place of the wild turkey, deer, and rattlesnake, John Harmon started to Charlestown to attend court. He was armed with an old-fashioned rifle. A rattler bit Harmon's leg. Harmon killed the reptile. Then he began to prepare for death. It was he who carved the words in lighter lines on the tree, with the request beneath, long since obliterated by the tree's growth, to bury him on the spot. A few days later Harmon's body was found. A grave was dug by the tree and there it can be seen to-day."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Music a Taste of Nations.

A famous musician says that fifty per cent. of the Germans understand music, sixteen per cent. of the French and two per cent. of the English.

UTILIZING MARSH GRASS.

The Wiry Fiber Can Be Converted Into Binding Twine.

There is a theory prevailing among many good people that nothing in all creation exists without some useful purpose, but we are a long time finding out what some things—mosquitoes, for instance—are good for. Marsh grass is another item in creation which is generally supposed to have been intended to pester farmer folk. It remained for a Chicago man, Mr. George A. Lowrie, to discover its utility. He has invented a machine by which the wiry fiber can be converted into binding twine. Wilson K. Chisholm, of Cleveland, Ohio, passed through Chicago recently on his way to open a second shop for its manufacture. The first was established at Oshkosh about a year ago, and swamp-grass twine was first used by the farmers of the Northwest in binding their wheat during the recent harvest. The experiment turned out so well that work was immediately begun upon a plant in St. Paul, which will be in operation in a few weeks and will be capable of producing 30,000 tons of twine a year. Until now the farmers have been compelled to burn their marsh grass every season and import material for binding twine from far-off new colonial capital, Manila. Now the factories at St. Paul and Oshkosh are prepared to contract for 50,000 or 60,000 tons of it a year, and this amount will be increased as the new grass twine comes into common use among the farmers. It is tough but pliable and can be cured in the open air without much labor. The difference in price represents the difference in the cost of the raw material—that is, the value of the wire grass in the swamps of Wisconsin and of hemp imported from Manila. The cost of labor in the factory is the same. This fall the new-fangled twine has been selling for one-third the price of the Manila article.

It is proposed to build a factory for the purpose of weaving the twine into mats, window curtains, carpet linings, bagging for cotton bales, coffee sacks and everything else that jute is now used for.

Shipped From Germany in a Van.

Any one who contemplates taking up a permanent residence in the Old World may secure some novel ideas as to the transportation of household goods from the interesting experience of Miss Drake. Miss Drake, whose father was at one time United States Minister to Germany, is a Philadelphian, but has been residing for some years in Weisbaden, Germany. Recently she decided to return to her native city, but was fearful lest some household effects should suffer damage in transit. She hit upon a plan which was decidedly novel, although somewhat expensive. She hired one of the largest furniture vans to be had in Europe, and in it were packed her household goods under her close and careful supervision. Six strong horses drew the van from Weisbaden to Hamburg, where the body of the vehicle was lifted from the axles and deposited in the hold of the German steamship Assyria, which was bound for Philadelphia. Upon the arrival of the Assyria at this port a few days ago Collector Thomas, upon the application of E. Buchey & Co., the representatives of Miss Drake, detailed Customs Inspector Maguire to take charge of the vehicle. The huge box was set upon wheels once more, and six horses drew it to the South Forty-first street residence, where it was unloaded under the eye of the Inspector. The van will be sent back to Hamburg, completing a journey of 6000 miles.—Philadelphia Record.

Increase of German Trade With Africa.

The British press, which has of late been deploring the fact that German trade and manufactures were fast superseding those of England, has just found a new source of complaint. It seems that the Hamburg trade with Africa, which may be said to have begun about ten years ago, has made very rapid progress within the last few years. While the average annual imports from all parts of Africa during the years 1881-5 were only about \$3,975,000, the annual average during the five years 1891-5 amounted to \$13,875,000. The increase in the exports from Germany by way of Hamburg to the various parts of Africa—apace with the progress of German industry and commerce in general during the same period—has been even more marked than that of the imports, and especially so during the last seven years, and the value of the total exports from Hamburg to Africa increased from \$9,789,590 in 1891 to \$16,370,125 during the year 1897.

Ant Eggs and Meal Worms.

There is a kind of ant eggs imported from Africa that are sold as food for a goldfish. In the form of which they are imported they are apparently dried, and in appearance they somewhat resemble scraps of cork. They are very light, floating on the water, and for that reason they are a clean food. Ant eggs are sold put up in boxes, also by the ounce, at ten cents an ounce.

Meal worms are a food sold for birds. These are sold by count, at twenty or twenty-five cents a hundred. —New York Sun.

The Golden Rule in a Mule Trade.

Roger Crox swapped a mule to John Samples a short time ago. The mule took sick and died, and Samples came to Crox and told him about it; also told him of the circumstances he was in. Crox became sorry for him, and gave him his horse back. This shows a good trait in Rog.—Polk County (Tenn.) News.

Much In Little.

The ninety-pound jockey that gets a ten-thousand-dollar salary shows the value of condensation.—St. Louis Republic.

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WHAT DO YOU WANT.
If you want help—a situation, have something to sell or rent, or if you wish to buy something, remember that a "want" in the NEWS costs much less than in any other paper and will bring you more answers than in all the other papers in the aggregate. If you want a girl, you are sure to find a good one through a "want" in THE NEWS. A lady had a want in the Times a week and got no girl. She placed it in THE NEWS, and before 8 p. m. had several applications and secured a first-class girl.

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Excursion tickets will be sold via Pennsylvania Lines as indicated in the following paragraphs. Although concessions in fare are authorized for meetings of certain Orders, tickets may be obtained by any person whether a member of the Order or interested in the event. The reduced rates will be open to everybody.
To SARATOGA, N Y — August 1st and 2d, account Young People's Christian Union, U P Church. Return limit August 10th, with privilege to extend until August 31st.
To PITTSBURG, PA—October 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th, good returning until October 17th, account Knights Templar Triennial Conclave. Return limit may be extended until October 31st.
During the excursion season special rates will also be in effect via Pennsylvania Lines for special and local events. For particular information please apply to nearest Ticket Agent of the Pennsylvania Lines or address C. L. KIMBALL, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Toledo every Sunday via C, H & D, only \$1 for the round trip.
Religious Meeting, Linwood Park, Vermillion, O., August 2-22, 1898—Agents of the C, H & D Ry, north of and including Dayton will sell tickets at the rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold August 1st to 22d inclusive, good going date of sale good returning from Vermillion up to and including August 31st, 1898.
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WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

"Clink, clink, clink-clink, a clinkety-clink"—
Through the ragged brush of the pasture path,
And the "old boss" stops at the brook to drink,
And tosses her head with a jest of wrath.
With hooves sunk deep in the brook's black loam,
And muzzle deep in the lazy stream,
She waits for the laggard herd to come,
With ears that droop and eyes that dream.

Her sleek sides bulge with contentedness
And her udders drip with an overflow
That blotches with white the watercress
That sags with the current, to and fro.

The eddies whirl where her long tail flings
Its tufted end with a listless toss,
And ... wings ...
Like warning wings in the brookside moss,
As the water clears of its muddy rile
And the old boss drinks, with nostrils flared.
The dusk, slow stealing, mile on mile,
Grows dark where the deep woods stand ensnared
On the east horizon's farthest rim,
And out of the twilight's hazy height,
Where the Dog Star loiters, white and dim,
A drifting swallow pipes good-night.

Then, drowsily, with a soul-deep breath,
The old boss raises her head and sighs,
And, bright as a sword from its guarding sheath,
The sunset gleams in her glowing eyes.
It turns the bell at her throat to gold
And silvers the red of her silk coat,
And the tell-tale leaves of the year grown old
Turn pale in the pools where they lie afloat.
Out of the silence, shrill and high,
A voice of the farmyard quavers through:
"Come, boss! come, boss! come, boss!" its cry,
And the old boss softly answers, "Moo!"

Only the call of the cow—that's all;
Only a wistful moo, and yet
It seems that I heard my childhood call—
And the dusk is here and my eyes are wet.
—E. C. R., in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE MILLER'S SECRET.

VIGOROUS, even if old, Maitre Cormille had worked his windmill for sixty years, and it was like a piece of himself. You can imagine what the effect on him was when the steam mills were introduced. For a week he ran about the village trying to stir up the people and warning them against the folks who were coming to poison Provence with their new and dangerous devices. "Don't have anything to do with it," he cried. "To use steam for making bread is an invention of the devil. I work with the Mistral and the Tramontana, which are the breath of the good God." He was really quite eloquent on the subject, but the people paid no attention whatever, and went on getting their flour at the new mills.

Then the old fellow shut himself up in his mill and lived all alone like a wild beast. He would not even keep with him his grandchild Vivette, a girl of fifteen, who, since the death of her parents, had only her grandfather to look to. The poor little thing had to go out fruit picking or into service at the farms, and yet he seemed fond of her and would walk a dozen miles to one of the farms where she was working, and when he got there would sit for hours looking at her, often with the tears in his eyes. In the neighborhood people thought that he had sent her away because he grudged the cost of keeping her, and that it did him no credit to let the poor child go about from one farm to another, exposed to the bullying of the masters and all the dangers that beset a girl in her unprotected state. It was also thought very queer that a respectable man like Maitre Cormille should go about such an object. He looked such a scarecrow, almost in rags as he was, with his battered old hat, that we felt quite ashamed to have him sit with us at church, and I supposed he must have guessed it, for after a bit he took to sitting in the free seats. There was a mystery in his life. For a long time no one in the village had taken any corn to him to grind, and yet his mill was always going, and in the evening we used to meet the old man coming home, driving before him a donkey laden with great sacks of flour.

"Good evening' Maitre Cormille," we would say, "How's business with you? I see your mill is always going."

"Yes, children, it is going still," he would answer cheerfully. "Thank God, we don't want for work."

Then if you asked him where on earth the work came from he would purse up his lips and answer, "Oh, I work for exportation," and there was no more to be got out of him.

As to putting one's foot inside his mill, no one ever dreamed of doing that. The door was always shut when one passed and the great sails always turning, the old donkey grazing in the field, and a wretched-looking uncanny black cat taking the air on the wall and looking unamiably at you.

Well, the secret was discovered at last, and this was how it happened:

I had noticed for some time that little Vivette and my eldest boy were getting fond of one another; and I had nothing against it, because, after all, the name of Cormille had always been held in honor among us, and then it would be rather nice to have a bright little thing like that about the house. Only I thought the thing ought to be done in proper form, so I went up to the mill one day to talk it over with the grandfather.

Ah, the old sorcerer! You should have seen how he received me. I could not get him to open the door. I said my say as well as I could through the keyhole, and all the while there was his miserable skeleton of a black cat yelling like a demon just over my head. The old man never gave me a chance to explain myself. He called out that I had better take myself off, and that if I were in a hurry to have my boy married I could get hold of a girl at the steam mills. You can imagine how angry I was, but I thought I had better leave the old fellow to himself, and so I went back and told the poor children the result of my visit. They could hardly believe it, and asked me as a favor to let them go and see what they could do. I had not the courage to refuse them, and off the couple went.

When they arrived Maitre Cormille had just gone out. The door was double-locked, but the old fellow before starting had left his ladder outside, and suddenly it occurred to them that they would get in at the window, which they did.

Strange to say, the large room was empty; not a sack of grain to be seen, nor a speck of flour on the floor or the cobweb-covered walls. Upstairs in the old man's room everything had the same look of poverty and desolation. A wretched bed, a few rags lying about, a piece of bread on the stairs, and then in the corner a sack or two from which escaped some pieces of chalk and plaster.

This was his secret. It was this that he brought home in the evening to save the honor of the mill and to make believe that it still had work. Poor old mill! Poor Cormille! A long while ago the steam mills had taken away his last customer. The sails still went round, but there was nothing to grind.

The two poor young things came back crying and told me what they had seen. It wrung my heart to hear them. Without losing a moment I went to the neighbors and told them the whole tale in half-a-dozen words. We agreed on the instant to carry to the mill all the grain we could scrape together. No sooner said than done. All the village turned out, and we set off in procession with a tribe of donkeys laden with flour—real flour, this time!

As we drew near we saw the door wide open, and Maitre Cormille sitting before it on a sack of plaster, weeping with his face in his hands. He had just learned that his secret had been discovered. "Now I have only to die, the mill is dishonored!" He was sobbing fit to break your heart, and calling the mill by all sorts of pet names, speaking of it as if it were a living thing.

The donkeys pulled up on the green before the mill, and we all called out, "Hallo, miller; hallo, Maitre Cormille," just as the customers always did in the old days

Maitre Cormille started, and well he might. He saw the sacks with the beautiful red wheat burst out of them; he took some in his hand, and said, laughing and crying at once, "It is wheat. Good heavens! it is really wheat. Let me look at it." Then turning to us. "I knew you would come back to me," he said. "All those steam mills are frauds." We wanted to carry him through the village in triumph, but he would not have it. "No, no, children. I must go and give my mill something to eat. It is long enough, poor thing, since she has had anything between her teeth."

It was really touching to see the poor old fellow running here and there, emptying the sacks, working the mill, while the corn was being crushed between the grindstones and the fine flour dust flew up to the ceiling.

Let me do myself and my friends the justice to say that from that time we never let the old man lack work. But when he died the sails of our last windmill ceased to turn, for no one took the place. Ah, well, they have had their day, like the periwigs and stage coaches. It is the way of the world.—From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

Setting Back a Boiler's Bulge.

An ingenious method has recently come into vogue with engineers, in the practice of setting back the bulge in a boiler. Briefly, an iron bucket is fitted to one end of an iron pipe, the latter extending slightly beyond the side of the pail, this end being stopped up. The pipe's diameter is between one and two inches, small holes are bored in the part of the pipe that comes within the bucket, so as to furnish a draft, and fire clay is used to line the pail with; a bellows is attached to the other end of the pipe, which is also provided with a cross bar so that the bucket may be tipped to any desired angle. After the bulged part of the boiler has been heated by this apparatus, a jack is inserted in the boiler, and by means of it the bulged part is forced back to its original position. The top of the jack is not placed against the boiler, but a thin sheet of red hot iron is put between it and the boiler, this iron being shaped like the boiler's surface. A large plate is put under the jack, so that all the strain may not come on one part of a boiler, but may be distributed evenly. In this way any internal bulging is easily repaired.

Her Last Request a Caution.

"Be it so!" haughtily spoke Harold Higgsmore. "Lucretia McGinnis, you have rejected me with contempt and scorn. I meet your rejection with equal contempt and scorn, and am ashamed of myself for having stooped to beg for your hand. There are not only as good fish in the sea as ever have been caught, but there are better! Miss McGinnis, I have the honor to wish you good afternoon!"

"That's all right, Harold," said the young woman. yawning slightly. "But please 'don't turn on your heel' as you stride indignantly away. It's hard on the carpet."—Chicago Tribune.

Keeps Pencil in Pocket.

Pencils can be securely held in an ordinary pocket by a handy new device formed of a wire clip to grip the edge of the flap at one side, with a loop to receive the pencil.

THE VALUE OF TORPEDO-BOATS.

To Make a Successful Attack the Vessel Must Remain Undiscovered.

Reasoning from superficial facts, much has been written of the failure of torpedo-boats. It is as well to correct this impression now while events are still fresh in the popular mind. The idea of torpedo attack is attack under cover of darkness, rain, or fog. The construction and painting have this object in view. There is no protection against even the lightest projectile, and to make a successful attack the boat must remain undiscovered until almost the moment for the discharge of its torpedo. Our vessels fully comprehended the dangers of torpedo attack, and all precautions were taken to guard against one. In spite of this, one of them had a narrow escape from being torpedoed by the Porter, not having been discovered until well within striking distance. In this case the cruiser was a lost ship, and ever after had the utmost respect for the possibilities of successful topedo attack. Had the Porter been certain that the vessel sighted was an enemy, and had it not been necessary to disclose her presence by signals, etc., the attack could have been successfully made, and the Porter would have escaped without harm. No lack of discipline, lookouts, or attention was in any way responsible for the incident, all these being fully up to the high state of efficiency in our navy. Only the favorably darkness of a stormy night and the advantage which we took of the cruiser's smoke made such a result possible. Contrast these conditions with those under which the Spaniards made their gallant but foolish efforts at Manila and Santiago. They showed splendid heroism, but how was it to be expected that thin torpedo craft could live and approach through a fire that destroyed armored cruisers? Their chief defense—invisibly—was lacking. Torpedo-boats have sufficient speed to choose their time of attack, and, to be successful, the time chosen must be one favorable to the torpedo-boat—not favorable to her enemy, as was the case in both attacks in this war.—From "Torpedo-boat Service," by Lieutenant J. C. Fremont, in Harper's Magazine.

An Awkward Situation.

There is no objection to giving this one publicity because the man in the case never finds an opening to relate the incident that he does not do so.

"I was something of a boy orator myself," he modestly admits, "and in school it was quite the usual thing for visitors to predict that my persuasive and impressive eloquence would some time be heard in the halls of Congress. Before I was old enough to vote I used to go out as a campaign speaker, and a drive of twenty miles in order to speak at some school house had no terrors for me.

"One night I took a long and stormy drive in order to fill an appointment for a man who was unavoidably detained at home. When I reached the little red building I was met by a lasty young farmer who seemed surprised on learning what I was there for, but he kindly offered to put the team away. Before doing so he said to me: 'You go right up there on the platform and take that there big chair with the feather cushion and the sheepskin hung over the back. That's put there special for the speaker, and they won't 'low no one else to occupy it.'

"I boldly followed instructions, having a great sense of self-importance as I took the seat of honor. There was a gigling in the audience that made me wonder whether my necktie was on straight and my hair smooth. But all was explained when a grim-looking old granger walked up to me, took me firmly by the arm and firmly said: 'Sonny, this here cheer is for a man. He speaks here ter night. You kin find a seat down in the audience.'"

Wanted to Run Him a Race.

A private in a volunteer regiment told a friend that the first time under fire was "a nasty experience"—that he felt as though he was "up against a new job that he didn't like, but knew he'd have to stick it out or lose his bread and butter.

"When our regiment was in reserve once," he continued, I saw a reporter legging it back from the front. He was going for all there was in him, and looked as though he had a through ticket for the rear. We found the reserve line as bad a place as the firing line, most always, so I wasn't feeling very comfortable.

"'This war correspondents' life ain't what it's cracked up to be,' said he to me as he passed.

"I looked after him, and then I listened to the firing and heard the bullets whizzing.

"'Old man,' said I to myself, looking after the reporter again, 'if I wasn't an enlisted man, I'd—run—you—a—race.'"—New York Post.

Just a Little Dog Story.

Walking along a residence street of Susquehanna, Penn., a citizen noticed a little child at play with an immense Newfoundland dog on a lawn. In the rough and tumble sport of the two, the child hurt his dumb playmate, who snapped rather angrily at the child. A woman, who stood watching on the porch, cried out: "Nero, aren't you ashamed of yourself to frighten the baby? Go away, you bad dog!" The dog slunk away, whining. Suddenly he sprang toward a flowering plant, bit off one of the fragrant blossoms, and with many extraordinary capers laid it at the feet of the little child, and then bounded toward the woman to receive a caress of forgiveness.—New York Press.

Philadelphia's Electric Railways.

Philadelphia has a greater mileage of electric railways than the whole of Germany.

BAD MEN IN ARIZONA.

EXPLOITS OF WILBUR-ELKINS STAGE-ROBBING GANG.

No Redeeming Features to Relieve Their Villainy—After a Long Career They Were Shot Down From Behind Like Dogs by Hired Apaches.

(Special Letter.)

THE death of Ezra A. Davidson at his ranch home near El Monte, Cal., the other day, has revived the memories of people who lived in Arizona and New Mexico and Southern California 18 years ago concerning the famous gang of desperadoes, of which George Wilbur, Dan Elkins, and Bill Howard were leaders for several years, at the time of the Tombstone mining excitement in Southeastern Arizona. Mr. Davidson was the officer who laid out the plan of capture of Elkins and Wilbur, and he was paid by subscriptions, $2,000 for his share in ridding the territory of two of the most reckless, daredevil, and murderous men in Arizona.

Among the men who went to Tombstone in the summer of 1878 were Dan Elkins, Bill Howard and George Wilbur. They came from the vicinity of Boston originally and had lived in the mining camps of Colorado and Idaho for 12 to 15 years. Howard, after a checkered career of crime, fled to Mexico, never to return. Elkins and Wilbur remained, and became the boldest highway robbers ever known in Arizona. Gambling and mining too slow for them as ways of making money. They hinted that the contents of only one of the strong boxes of gold bullion that went away every week or 10 days from the gold mines in Tombstone to California and El Paso would make a man independently rich.

Elkins and Wilbur went from the mining town to Tucson in the spring of 1879 and engaged themselves as workers about the livery stables, where teams that drew the coaches from the mines across the alkali deserts to Los Angeles, in Southern California, rested. As time went on they gave out that they had by chance come upon rich-looking ore in the Santa Rita mountain canons, some 50 miles southwest from Tucson, and across the sandy waste. Once every week or two the two men rode away from the lazy old Mexican town, apparently for a visit of a few days to their newly found mining claims.

In the fall of 1879 highway robberies began to occur along the lines of the stages from Tombstone to Yuma and El Paso. They were always done by two men who wore white masks. They stopped the stage to California three times near Florence, and then the next week the El Paso stage was robbed 250 miles away in another direction. The driver was killed in two instances, and another time a miner from Tombstone, who was slow in getting out of the coach with his bags of gold dust, was shot dead. One attack was made in the night, and the others at different times at daylight.

The government officers watched Elkins and Wilbur and were satisfied that they were the highwaymen. The suspects realized this, and left. For some months the stage lines were unmolested, and then suddenly the bold robberies were resumed. These were the work of Elkins and Wilbur, who captured many a big prize in this way. They knew that their identity was known all over Arizona, and that rewards aggregating $8,000 were out for their capture, dead or alive. They were cold-blooded murderers and had not one redeeming trait. They would even rob women on their way to their families at the mines. It was a common trick of theirs to shoot through a man's hat or between his legs merely to enjoy his terror. One time one of them shouted to the passengers in the stage as it rolled away:

"You fellows may go and tell all the sheriffs this side of hell that you have been held up by Dan Elkins and George Wilbur. We defy them all."

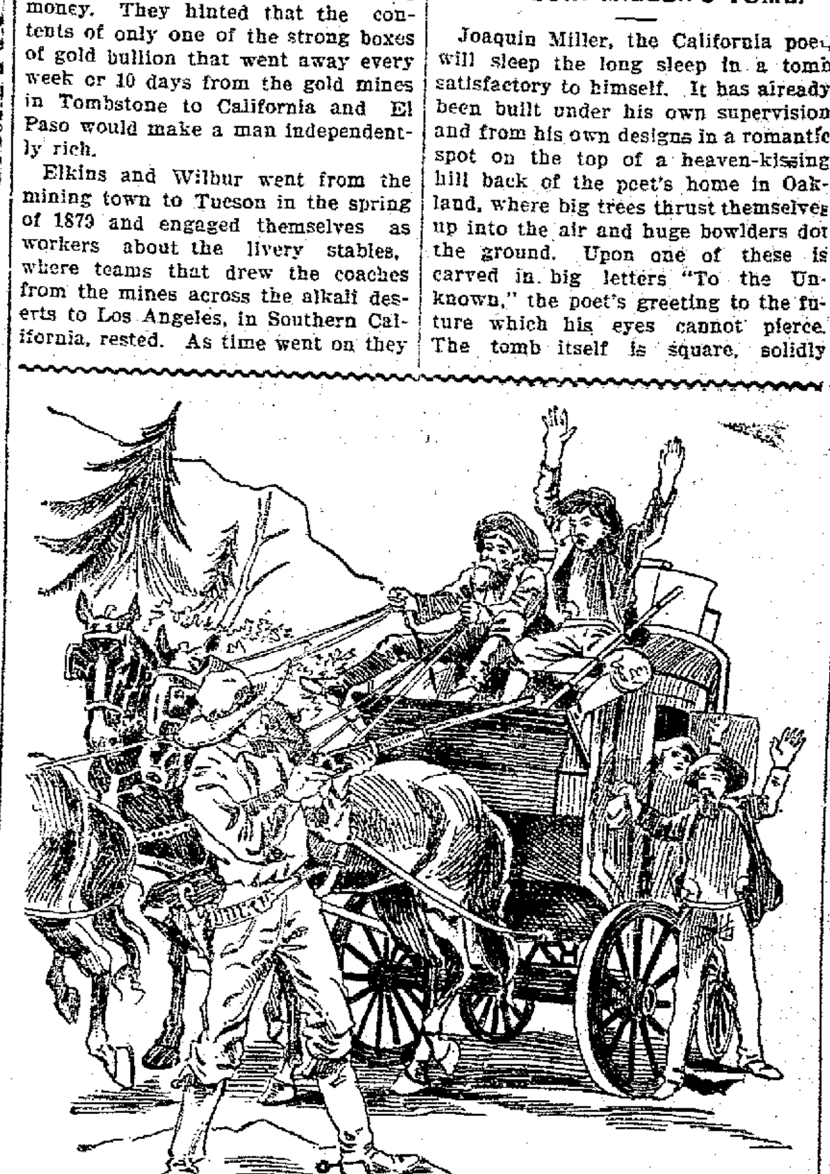
Dan Elkins is remembered as the original lone bandit of the Southwest, because, single-handed, he once held up a stage load of eight passengers, besides the driver, all of whom were armed. For weeks the exploit was the talk of men in and about Tombstone. For some reason Wilbur was not along with Elkins on a raid one day when the stage was rumbling along through San Miguel pass, and it seemed a fit opportunity for Elkins to make another raise of money, so he robbed the stage single-handed. After he had cleaned out the eight passengers and the treasure box he said:

"Now, gents, you can brag that you've been held up by a single-handed man in the profesh. I don't mind telling you that I'm all alone today, and that I need your money awful bad. Tell them Tombstone fellers that Dan Elkins has got a new trick in his line o' business."

During the winter of 1879 and 1880 the reckless and bravado of Elkins and Wilbur became unbearable, and people began to see that the stage robberies were hurting the name of Arizona, an unusual effort was made to get the rascals. An extra reward for their capture was offered, and two or three detectives from Los Angeles, Cal., began work. Several half-breed Apache and Indian trailers were hired, and in a few weeks the trail to the bandits was found.

"We're trapped! We're trapped!" shouted Elkins, as he jumped from his couch of leaves and saw the horsemen encircling his hiding place.

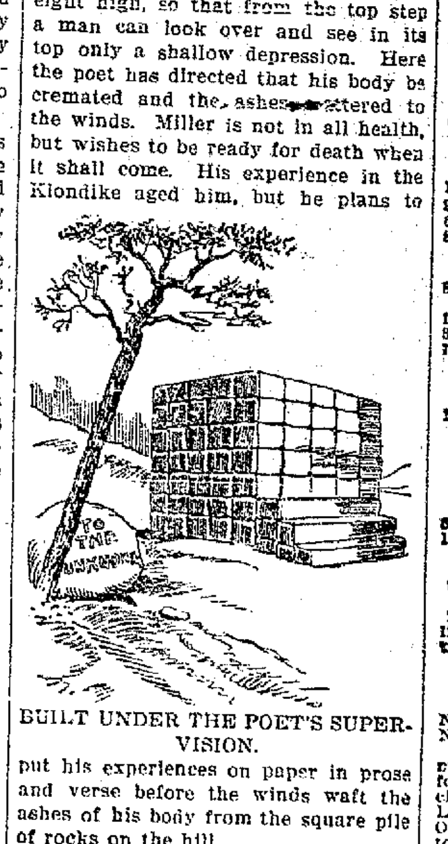
In a second he and Wilbur were behind two great oaks and were prepared to fight for their lives. They forgot the Indians in the rear, and no sooner had they turned their faces toward the advancing posse than they were shot dead in the back by the Apache trailers.



DAN ELKINS' EXPLOIT.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S TOMB.

Joaquin Miller, the California poet, will sleep the long sleep in a tomb satisfactory to himself. It has already been built under his own supervision and from his own designs in a romantic spot on the top of a heaven-kissing hill back of the poet's home in Oakland, where big trees thrust themselves up into the air and huge bowlders dot the ground. Upon one of these is carved in big letters "To the Unknown," the poet's greeting to the future which his eyes cannot pierce. The tomb itself is square, solidly built of 620 rough blocks of stone, to last for all eternity. Three steps lead up to it. It is ten feet square and eight high, so that from the top step a man can look over and see in its top only a shallow depression. Here the poet has directed that his body be cremated and the ashes scattered to the winds. Miller is not in all health, but wishes to be ready for death when it shall come. His experience in the Klondike aged him, but he plans to put his experiences on paper in prose and verse before the winds waft the ashes of his body from the square pile of rocks on the hill.



BUILT UNDER THE POET'S SUPERVISION.

The Puritan Boy.

Minister's Wife—"Tommy Crowther, you haven't washed your face today." Tommy Crowther—"'Tain't Sunday."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Revised.

Watts—"Why don't you save your money?" Yabsley—"Somehow I can't. With me a penny made is a penny burned."—Ex.

Professional and Business Cards

HOTELS.

Brunt's Florentine Hotel, opposite C., H. & D. depot. Hotel and Restaurant. Popular prices. Elegantly furnished rooms.

The New Cambridge, opp. P. Ft. W. & C., C. H. & D., L. E. & W. and Lima Northern stations. A. S. Mannerd, Prop. Popular prices.

The Harrod, E. Market street, Lima, Ohio. Open all hours. Rates, $2. Steam heat and electric lights. J. W. E. Attleberger, Propr.

INSURANCE.

C. F. Kemmer & Co., General Insurance Agents, room 1 Wise Block, Lima, O.

LIVERY AND TRANSFER.

J. C. Musser, Livery, Hack and Transfer line, No. 2 southwest corner Public Square. Telephone 46, both lines.

DENTISTS.

Dr. McIndoe fills teeth painlessly by electricity. Both 'phones. Cincinnati Block.

PIANO TEACHERS.

Lynn B. Dana, Teacher of Piano and Theory. Studio, rooms 11 and 12, over City Book Store.

PIANO TUNERS.

C. F. Woolery, tuner and repairer of pianos. Satisfaction guaranteed. 222 North Main.

Five hundred stoves wanted to store by the City Truck and Storage House. Household goods moved. E. Stickney, 228 S. Main street. New 'phone 336.

TAILORS.

Joseph Bletzacker, Merchant Tailor, rooms 8 and 9 Satterthwaite block, for your spring suit or trousers.

J. W. McDonald, the Tailor, Telephone for Coatatorium. No. 404 N. Main street.

Call on the Lima Ice & Coal Company for Pure Spring Water Ice. 'Phones 164 or 431.

UPHOLSTERING

Neatly done by John Reuthe, at 112 East North Street, Lima, Ohio.

WATCHMAKER.

Chas. Tucker, Watchmaker. Watches Clocks and Jewelry repaired. No. 111 East High, opp. Hoover Bros.

BANKS.

The Commercial Bank, Samuel A. Baxter & Sons, Lima, Ohio. Bonds, Mortgages, Investments, General Banking.

CHEAP CASH GROCERY.

We have a nice stock of staple and fancy groceries at lowest prices. Country produce a specialty. Give us a call. Tabler & Zimmerman, 201 South Main street. 'Phone 19.

DAIRY STATIONS.

J. H. Berryman, dairy products of all kinds. Free delivery. New 'Phone 155. 109 West Market street.

EAT BOWERS' BREAD.

It is always the best. It needs no false claims to attract attention to it.

EYE, EAR AND THROAT SURGEONS.

Dr. A. F. Kutsely, Eye, Ear and Throat Surgeon, rooms 3 and 4, Cincinnati Block, Lima, Ohio. Bell Telephone 482. No charge for examination.

FLORIST.

Mrs. E. E. Rogers, Florist. Designing a specialty. Fresh-Cut Flowers daily. 'Phone 106. 104 West Market street, Lima, O.

FURNITURE, ETC., WANTED.

Highest prices paid for second hand furniture, carpets, stoves, watches and jewelry and cast-off Gents' clothing. Bargains in second hand goods and safes at 128 east Market St. Give me a call and be convinced. A. R. Atkinson.

HATTERS.

Geo. R. Christia, manufacturer and refinisher of Men's Hats. Silk Hats remodeled. Silk and Stiff Hats to order. 127 E. High st.

OLD RELIABLE MUSICAL REPAIRER.

All kinds of musical instruments repaired and tuned, and work guaranteed. Filling violin bows a specialty. C. W. Vogle, 109 E. North St.

LOCAL TIME CARD.

C., H. & D. R. R.

In effect July 16, 1898 at 4:45 o'clock a. m.

No.	SOUTH.	
7	arrives daily	2:27 a m
7	leaves "	2:32 a m
11	" " except Sunday	5:45 a m
1	arrives " " "	9:40 a m
1	leaves "	9:45 a m
5	arrives "	12:20 p m
5	leaves "	12:25 p m
3	arrives "	4:00 p m
3	leaves "	4:05 p m
13	arrives "	9:50 p m
41	Sunday only, leaves	7:48 a m
	NORTH.	
2	arrives daily, except Sunday	8:20 a m
2	leaves "	8:25 a m
14	leaves "	6:55 a m
6	arrives "	11:40 p m
6	leaves "	11:55 p m
4	arrives " except Sunday	4:30 p m
4	leaves " " "	4:35 p m
10	arrives " " "	9:00 p m
12	arrives "	1:25 a m
12	leaves "	1:35 a m
60	Sunday only, arrives	7:40 a m
60	" " leaves	7:48 a m
62	" " arrives	10:20 p m

P., Ft. W. & C. R. R.

New Time Card, taking Effect June 26, 1898.

No.	EAST FROM LIMA.	
4.	Daily	7:35 a m
6.	Daily	8:30 a m
36.	Daily except Sunday	11:25 a m
20.	Daily except Sunday	8:15 p m
8.	Daily	9:30 p m
2.	Daily	10:50 p m
	WEST FROM LIMA.	
15.	Daily	2:00 a m
5.	Daily	8:33 a m
39.	Daily except Sunday	9:50 a m
9.	Daily	2:50 p m
85.	Daily except Sunday	6:10 p m

D. & L. N. R. R.

(In effect Aug. 18, 1898.)

No.	GOING NORTH.	
2	Daily	6:27 a m
6	Vestibuled express, daily ex. Sun.	11:30 a m
8	leaves daily, Napoleon and Columbus accommodation	6:30 p m
	GOING SOUTH.	
9	leaves daily ex. Sunday, Napoleon and Columbus accommodation	7:00 a m
1	Daily ex. Sunday	1:22 p m
3	Express, daily ex. Sunday	7:28 p m
7	Sunday only	12:20 a m

ERIE R. R.

In effect June 26, 1898.

No.	WEST.	DEPART
5	Vestibule limited, daily for Chicago and the West	11:23 a m
3	Pacific express, daily for Chicago and the West	1:12 a m
1	Express, daily except Sunday, for Chicago and the West	9:10 a m
31	Local freight, daily ex. Sunday	7:00 a m
13	Wells-Fargo lim'd express, daily except Monday	4:59 p m
	EAST.	
8	Vestibule limited, daily for New York and Boston	9:02 p m
2	Express, daily except Sunday	2:54 p m
12	Express, daily for New York	8:41 a m
32	Local freight, daily ex. Sunday	7:00 a m

OHIO SOUTHERN R. R.

In effect May 23, 1898.

TRAINS SOUTH.	TRAINS NORTH.
No. 1 leaves 5:45 a m	No. 2 arrives 11:05 a m
No. 3 leaves 8:30 p m	No. 4 arrives 9:30 p m

Trains Nos. 1 and 3, leaving Lima at 5:45 a. m. and 8:30 p. m., make direct connections for all points south and southeast. Baggage checked through from any residence in Lima to any point on or reached via the Ohio Southern. For further information as to rates, etc., call up city office, 75 Public Square. Telephone 69.

F. E. Fisher,
Gen. Pass. Agt. O. S. Lima, O.

L. E. & W. R. R.

In effect Sept. 5, 1897.

No.	WEST.	
1	arrives	9:40 a m
1	depart	9:50 a m
3	arrives	2:35 a m
3	depart	2:45 a m
5	arrives	4:45 p m
129	Minster accommodat'n, leaves	4:50 p m
	EAST.	
6	leaves	7:50 a m
4	arrives	1:25 p m
4	leaves	1:45 p m
2	arrives	7:10 p m
2	leaves	7:20 p m
130	Minster accommoda'n, arrives	8:10 p m

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE LIMA NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON

E W JACKSON President

J. B. FINNELL Managing Editor

No 316 NORTH MAIN STREET

Entered at the Postoffice at Lima, Ohio as second-class matter

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

There are many reasons why the American people should celebrate Thanksgiving day this year with more than usual fervor and impressiveness. President McKinley, in his proclamation designating November 24th as the date refers in a most reverent spirit to those which are more or less special to this year He notes that not only have the harvests been abundant, but our commerce shows a phenomenal increase, the public credit has been strengthened, and all the sections of the Union have been drawn into close bonds of national unity—and this, he might have added, for the first time within a generation.

Especially does he call attention to the war. We were compelled to take up the sword in the cause of humanity, but the conflict was short and decisive. While we have to mourn loss of life, that has been so small in comparison with the great results achieved, that the nation may well be inspired with gratitude and praise, that the overruling Hand spared us the sorrows and horrors of a protracted struggle

The President has well set forth the reasons why the American people should observe the ancient custom of Thanksgiving in a special manner and with hearts full of reverence and gratitude And the response should come in a wider and more careful observance of the day in the spirit in which it was designed

WHY THE COUNTRY GIVES THANKS.

The people of a great nation render the nation's thanksgivings. Uncle Sam's subjects have been abundantly blessed in the year fast closing Thanksgiving day of '98 finds a mighty people standing in reverential obeisance as champions of a great cause The nation has engaged in conflict of sword and fire and victory has perched on its banner. A war has been waged and won and the nation's leaders have been so guided that by a wise taxation it has not been a burden on the country The United States has increased its territory, thus enhancing its commercial, financial and industrial interests placing it still farther above the other nations of the world Our victory was bought at the cost of many brave lives, but never has so great a cause been gained by less sacrifice While brave soldiers gloried on fields of honor their brothers at home toiled in fields of grain and were blessed with splendid results, and our harvests are in demand in the world's markets

Secretary Hay Wednesday presented formally to President McKinley the newly appointed Japanese minister, Mr Komura who succeeds Mr Hoshi, who has retired to enter the Japanese p[illegible] The ceremony took place in the blue room and was attended by the usual felicitous exchange of speeches between the president and the new minister

MARKET REPORT.

CINCINNATI, Nov 23

FLOUR—Spring patent, \$3.75@4.20 spring fancy \$3.35@3.60 spring family \$2.85@3 10; winter patent, \$3.50@3.75 fancy \$3 05@3.25; family \$2.45@2.70 extra \$2.1[illegible]@2.40 low grade, \$1 80@2.1[illegible] northwestern \$2.95@3 10 do, rye \$3 00@3.35 per brl

WHEAT—Holders asked 70c per bush for No. 2 red.

CORN—Sales Mixed ear new track 29¼c; do, [illegible] do old, track, 36c white ear, new, track 30c yellow ear new, track, 31c No. 3 mixed new track 31½c.

OATS—Sales No 2 mixed, track 27¼c No. 2 white track 30¾c No. 2 mixed, track, 28½c; do, 28@.30

HOGS Select shippers, \$3.50@3.55 select butchers, \$3.15@3.30, fair to good packers, \$3.40@3.50, fair to good light, \$3.25@3.35 common and roughs \$3 10@3.50.

CATTLE—Fair to good shippers \$4.25@4.75; good to choice butchers, \$4.00@4.40 fair to medium butchers, \$3.40@3.90, common, \$2.50@3.15.

SHEEP—Extras, \$3.85@4.00 good to choice, \$3.25@3.75 common to fair, \$2.25@3.00.

LAMBS—Extras, \$5.10@5.25 good to choice, \$4.65@5.00 common to fair \$4.00@4 60.

VEAL CALVES—Fair to good light, \$5.25@5.75; common and large, \$4.00@4.00

CHICAGO Nov 23.

WHEAT—November 67¼c December 67¼@67⅝c May 66⅝ [illegible]

CORN—November 33⅜@33½c December 33⅜@33½c May 34⅝c

OATS—November 25⅜c December 25¼c; May 26¼@26⅝c.

PITTSBURGH Nov 23

CATTLE—Extra \$5 10@5.35, prime \$4.80@5 00; good \$4 60@4.75 tidy \$4.65@4.35 fair \$3.60@4 20; common \$3.40@3 60 common to good oxen, \$3.50@4.25 bulls and cows \$2.00@3 70 heifers \$3.00@4.25 fresh cows and springers, \$16 00@52.00

HOGS—Heavy \$3.50@3.55 medium \$3.45@3.50, Yorkers \$3.40 common \$3.30@3.35 pigs, \$3.40@3.45 roughs \$2.00@3.30 stags \$2.00@2.55

SHEEP Prime wethers native \$4.30@4 40 good \$4 00@4.[illegible] mixed ewes and wethers \$3.40@3.[illegible] common \$2.[illegible]@4.25 culls \$1.[illegible]@1.[illegible], extra [illegible] and wether lambs \$[illegible]15@5.25 choice lambs [illegible]@5.10 common [illegible] \$4.50@4.75 culls, \$[illegible]

VEAL CALVES \$[illegible]@[illegible]

MRS. LIPFERT,

Arrested on the Charge of Conducting a Brothel, Acquitted in a Jury Trial Last Evening.

Second Case in Which She Was Found Not Guilty and as a Result a Suit Will be Filed for Malicious Prosecution—An Interesting Denouement

Mrs Kate Lipfert, who was arrested several nights ago on the charge of running a house of ill fame, was acquitted late yesterday evening This makes her second victory At the time of the raid some of the inmates pleaded guilty and were fined, but Mrs. Lipfert stood trial, the case commencing Tuesday and continuing until last evening. The evidence was concluded about 2 o'clock and after the case had been argued the jury adjourned at 6 30 o'clock and returned a verdict of not guilty shortly after 8 o'clock, three ballots being taken The result was a great surprise, but the greatest surprise is as yet in store Immediately after the trial, it is understood, that Mrs. Lipfert's attorney, Hon J W Halfhill, began the work of preparing papers for a suit to be brought against Chief Watts and Lieutenant Burns, and their bondsmen. The grounds taken will be that of malicious prosecution. The case was the second one brought against Mrs. Lipfert. The denouement will be awaited with considerable interest.

THEY ARE THANKFUL.

Landlord Koch, that he has the finest hotel in Northern Ohio.

G E Bluem, that he has one of the most modern stores in Northwestern Ohio.

The Gas company, that it has all it wants.

Bob Miller, Pop Harmon, Os Reichelderfer etc. that they have such nice gas fires that they frequently get roasted.

Messrs. Hughes, Potter, Koch and Snyder, that they have the price for gas, if they did not vote for the ordinance.

Bob Gordon Mr Winegardner and Peter Leis, that election is over.

THE NEWS is thankful for the appreciation shown by the good people of Lima.

Fred Stoddard, that all the railroad excursions are over for the season, "except one"

Mr Cahall that he came to Lima, he only city

George Beulte, that he has secured a "chaney" machen

Morris Cohn, that the grape crop was good in California.

Prof Keeley, that he can dispense mysteries freely

H F Vortkamp, that "excheft is gude"

Wm Shrader will be thankful when the event occurs, It will be one of those quiet, happy affairs

Asa Catt, that it is a girl

Dave Morris, that Papa said yes.

Dr McIndoe, by the fruits 'of the Orchard" ye shall know them

Frank Baxter, that though a bachelor, he is a free man

Don Baxter "me too"

Joe Dutton will be thankful when he has use for his prize

Tom Morrison, that he was excused by the police and now sells by the thousand San-felice

Carroll & Cooney, for the prosperous business they are enjoying

The Metellus Thomson company, when the old front is torn out and a new one put in

F E Harman, for the most elegant front in the city

Feldmann, for their beautiful new store

The Lima Tea Company, for the trade they have enjoyed for the past year

The Times-Democrat and Gazette, that they enjoyed the freedom of the press and could say what they pleased about the gas ordinance.

B C Faurot, that he has now got his railroad started

The boys of the Standard Oil Company, for their elegant and comfortable new quarters.

Eddie Kirk, that Findlay depopulated in favor of Lima

Earl Bresler, that when too cold to ride a bike he can walk a "cross" the creek

Gus Weil, that there is strength in "union"

Watson, that he made too many people happy to day.

Elmer Crossley, that he gobled in so many sheckels

Loren Townsend, that business was such that he had to knock out the partition

T P Jones that he is the only grocer on the South Side

Jack Lutz, that he has got a chilly job

J P McDonough, that he is able to advocate the people's cause

Flaxie Cunningham, that he took the "cake," but gave it away

J H McVey, that he was not a member of the present council

Councilman McDonald, that the boys of the C, H & D shops were not allowed to hold a meeting

Geo Lyons, that printing contracts, elections etc come often

W R Mehaffey, for the power of a five cent cigar

Bert Campbell, ditto.

MR. NASH

Spoke Last Evening on "Confessing Christ"—Meeting Largely Attended.

"Confessing Christ" was the subject of Mr Nash's talk last evening at the Y M C A rooms The meeting was largely attended Mr Nash is a most interesting speaker and his talk was punctuated with many beautiful thoughts

Don't fail to read the want ads in THE NEWS

WANTS

All notices inserted in this column must be paid for in advance. Twenty-five cents is charged for one insertion and 35c. for three insertions

WANTED—Everybody to buy their LUMBER and COAL of THEO FEIST, 316 East Market street Both 'phones nov7-1mo

Wanted—Male Help.

Man to drive team 228 North Central avenue. 5tf

Man for grocery store. 228 North Central avenue. 5tf

Men for all kinds of work. 228 North Central avenue. 5tf

WANTED — MEN — Men for oil fields; 228 N Central ave. 1 tf

Wanted—Female Help.

WANTED—GIRLS—Dining room girls, chambermaids, cooks, 228 N Central ave. 1 tf

Lady clerks in and out of the city. 228 North Central avenue. 5tf

Women for all kinds of work. 228 North Central avenue 5tf

FAMILY WASHING.

Rough Dry at Four Cents a Pound.

All Flat Work Will Be Ironed.

No less than ten pounds will be taken The Niagara has recently increased its facilities and intends making a specialty of this kind of work.

Ask your neighbors if you want to know the kind of work you get at the Niagara Laundry We please them all Prompt, efficient and reliable Why have the inconvenience of the washing at home when you can have it done so cheap

THE NIAGARA LAUNDRY,

No 209 East High Street.

Both Phones No. 2.

E. H. DORSEY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FLOUR AND FEED.

—Our Motto—Small Profits and— Quick Sales.

No 208 South Main St New 'Phone 457.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 5 to 6 per cent on FARM LANDS or CITY PROPERTY centrally located. Long time, with privilege of paying part or all at any interest day LOANS MADE at ONCE Call on us when you want money at a low rate of interest, easy terms, and without delay

D C Henderson, Attorney. THE LIMA MORTGAGE LOAN CO.

Rooms 1 & 2 Metropolitan Bl'k Lima, O

ALF. CHANEY

Has Removed his

... PLUMBING SHOP ...

To his home at corner of North and Elizabeth streets. Stoves connected on short notice and all kinds of repair work promptly attended to.

NEW 'PHONE 89.

oct22 1m

COAL | BEST HARD AND SOFT COAL AT | COAL

HARRY RUMPLE'S

at lowest prices for quality offered.

OLD 'PHONE 371.
NEW 'PHONE 384

112 North Elizabeth St.

ARE YOU INSURED?

If not, take time and investigate

The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co.,

—OF MILWAUKEE,—

And save money. It furnishes the Best Insurance at a lower cost than any other Company. It issues ALL approved forms of RENEWABLE TERM, LIFE and ENDOWMENT Policies Guaranteed LOAN, CASH, PAID-UP and EXTENDED INSURANCE VALUES plainly stated in its Policies. Dividends to policy holders GREATER THAN IN ANY OTHER COMPANY For full particulars see, or write to

Or R E DAVIS, E L THOMAS, } Special Agents.

O'CONNOR & SONS, Gen'l Agents.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS

For Stove Pipe, Stove Repairing, Furnace Repairing and all kinds of Job Work. If you have not already tried us, give us a trial.

W. A. SMITH, 200 S. Main St.



STRONG AGAIN! WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY Sexine Pills

They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Dizziness Sleeplessness, and Varicocele, Atrophy, &c. They clear the brain strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being All drains and losses are checked *permanently* Unless patients are properly cured their condition often worries them into Insanity, Consumption or Death. Mailed sealed. Price $1 per box 6 boxes, with iron-clad legal guarantee to cure or refund the money $5 00. Send for free book. Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO, Cleveland, O.

Wm. M Melville, south-west corner Main and High streets

AN HONEST PROPOSITION

Made By The

KING OF CLAIRVOYANTS

Known Throughout the Entire World as

The Mystery of Two Hemispheres

KEELEY The Greatest Of the Great.

50c. DOWN GOES THE PRICE. 50c.

Appreciating the beautiful manner in which he has--"bagged the self styled" exposers like rats in a trap--he now wishes to follow up his victory with a more overwhelming defeat by striking a

VITAL BLOW,

and therefore he makes the following proposition--He will, for a FEW DAYS ONLY, answer a limited number of Sealed Questions and give each Caller's Name IN FULL, for the

= Low Fee of Fifty Cents. =

CALL AT ONCE. --- NO TIME TO DELAY,

If you wish to take advantage of this offer,--as he only makes this offer to give every one a chance to come and witness his wonderful work--with their own eyes--and believing as he does that public opinion is the supreme tribunal, the court of last resort, before which all men must stand on final appeal--to it he approaches, not in the spirit of a "braggart", but modestly and fearlessly, confident in the merit of his cause--and the unimpeachable character of his witnesses, willing for them to rest their verdict on the sure foundation of overwhelming evidence. He has taken out a license to give private readings and can be consulted daily on all points of interest.

HE GIVES EACH CALLER'S NAME IN FULL.

In fact, no matter what may be your hope, fear or ambition, come to this gifted man and find help. He has helped others, why not you?

Parlors Quiet and Retired. Hours 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. 138 Central Avenue, Cor. of High.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

:AUTIFUL.

Wedding of Miss Hattie Chan-
d Mr. George Bentle Last
at the Baxter Home.

mo Wedding Attended Only By a
mate Friends and Relatives—Events
Social World.

light at the home of Mrs. Mar-
Baxter, in South McDonald
pretty wedding was solemn-
en Miss Hattie Chaney, eldest
of Mr. and Mrs. W. B.
and Mr. George Bentle were
the happy and sacred bonds
ck.
wedding ceremony was per-
by Rev. Mr. Rupe, of the Bap-
ch, in the presence of a few
guests and relatives. Al-
there was no conventional
pomp, the marriage was nev-
one of the most beautiful
occurred in the realms of
ociety circles for some time,
it it was character-
with sacred solemnity
ressive details. Little Miss
Baxter and Master Norman
ficiated as pages and pre-
bride and groom, followed
C. Baxter and Mrs. Alex-
cDonald. The sweet strains
grin's wedding march were
by Miss Catherine Sargeant
wedding party moved with the
the large circular window of
r, where the words were said
ade these two popular young
one in the great family of
Immediately after the cere-
n elaborate wedding dinner
ed. The bride was costumed
itiful creation of mousselin de
lace, and carried a bouquet
roses. She presented a vision
ness. The groom was attired
stomary conventional black.
ntle is a well known young
has a legion of friends who
heir heartiest congratulations.
present proprietor of the
use ticket agency. After a
neymoon, the happy young
ill be "At Home" to their nu-
riends at 658 West Spring

* *

anDyke will be at home to
End Whist Club, Saturday

* *

rbutus Club had a pleasant
table meeting at the home of
Ewing, Monday afternoon.

* *

ay View Club was in session
evening at the home of Miss

* *

hautauquans met Monday
with Mrs. Philips

* *

SOLDIER BOYS' GRATITUDE

Thanks'
llet that missed in its flight,
Thanks'
ver that failed one glad night
Thanks'
ather who heard voices pray
Thanks'
the boy home from the fray'

* *

Heman will enjoy "Home,
me," with his parents this
iving day, for which they are
nkful

* *

e rabbit's gayly skipping
gh the tyric haunted wood
small boy's jaws are dripping
he spirit of the plum pud,
e squirrel madly chatters
e quail begins to pipe,
base ball player scatters,
rsimmon's nearly ripe

* *

da Bitzer, of Napoleon, and
Groll were married Tuesday
at the home of the bride. Miss Bitzer is well known in our city, having visited here a number of times, and has hosts of friends who will wish her bon voyage, while the groom is assistant cashier of the Citizens bank of Napoleon

Go to Fenner Bros. for your holiday photos. Have just received new style card mountings that are nobby 13

Overcome evil with good. Overcome your coughs and colds with One Minute Cough Cure. It is so good children cry for it. It cures croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, grippe and all throat and lung diseases. H. F. Vortkamp: northeast corner Main and North street.

CHEAP CAB SERVICE

For Washington visitors via Pennsylvania Lines A complete and efficient cab service similar to that in operation at passenger stations of the Pennsylvania system at Broad street, Philadelphia, and at Twenty-third street, New York, has just been established at the Pennsylvania passenger station in Washington, D. C. The service is satisfactorily performed at very reasonable rates by brand new rubbertired coupes, victorias and omnibuses. The vehicles will be found at the cab stand at the B street entrance to the Washington station, and may be engaged by the trip or by the hour. Visitors to the National Capital will find the new arrangement a very convenient one m w f until Dec. 3

The Hankow Canton Railway.

PEKIN, Nov. 24.—An American syndicate is negotiating with the Hong Kong and Pekin bank and Jardine, Mathieson & Co., with the view of amalgamating for the construction of the Hankow Canton railroad.

Gen. Blanco Steps Down and Out.

MADRID, Nov. 24.—The Official Gazette Wednesday published a decree accepting the resignation of Gen. Blanco as captain general of Cuba.

American Troops Land in the Philippines.

MADRID, Nov. 24.—An official telegram from Manila states that 4,000 Americans have just landed in the Philippines.

At St. Paul, Minn., James H. Southall, convicted of grand larceny in connection with the big government time check swindle, was not sentenced Wednesday as expected, his attorney securing a postponement of a few days to allow time for preparation of a motion for a new trial. The case will be carried to the supreme court.

The war department Wednesday issued the first of the general orders looking to the occupation of the central and western provinces of Cuba by the United States troops. The order contemplates the early beginning of the movement as the Spanish troops are expected to have progressed with the evacuation movement early in December

United States Coin in Hawaii.

Nearly all the gold coin in circulation in the Sandwich islands is of United States mintage.

COLUMBUS, O., June 13, 1898.

I have used Lincoln's Catarrh Balm and find it the best medicine I ever used for the purpose

D L WILLIAMS,
430 E Long St.

For sale at Vortkamp's, Melville's and Ashton's drug stores tf

The Estella degree staff will meet for a drill Friday evening at 7 o clock

DEAFTESS CANNOT BE CURED

[illegible] applications as they cannot reach [illegible] portion of the ear. There is [illegible] way to cure deafness and that is [illegible] remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous linings of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free

F J CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, 75c
Hall's Family Pills are the best

FEASTED.

A Few of the Many That Dined at the Festal Board To-Day.

Dinner Parties Galore in all Parts of the City—Many Elaborate Menu's Were Served.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Mann, West Market.

C. F. Stolzenbach and wife, north Union.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Wallace, West Wayne.

Dr. and Mrs. T K. Jacobs, Bellefontaine avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. James Halfhill, North Collett.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Bell, West High.

Elmer Andrews and wife, Collett street.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins, East McKibben.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus McCullough, East North.

Miss Grace Orchard, West Market.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm Watt, North Pierce.

Charles Metheaney and wife, East North.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, West High.

Mrs. Rumpie, West Market.

Joe Maguire and wife, North McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells, West Spring.

Mrs. W. U. Hover, Shawnee road.

Mr. Woodworth and wife, West North.

R. W. Thrift and wife, West Market.

W. E. Scott and wife, South Central.

Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Kahle, West North.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmes, West Market.

D. S. Cross and wife, South Elizabeth.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ross, North Pierce.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ewing, West Market.

T. T. Mitchell and wife, West Market.

Klondike with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown.

Geo. Vicary and wife, West Market.

Will Richmond and wife, North West.

Mr. and Mrs. Neubauer, South West.

Mr and Mrs J. W. VanDyke, West Market.

Mr. and Mrs J. D. Evans, South Elizabeth.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Satterthwaite, West North

Geo. Combs and wife, Reese avenue

J. W. VanCleve and wife, West Market.

Mr. and Mrs H Gibson, East McKibben

Mrs. Doan Cunningham, West Elm.

Mr. Bressler, West Market.

Mr and Mrs. Will Beach, North McDonald.

Mr and Mrs. F. Steuber, West North

J A. Karnes and wife, West Kibby.

Fenner Bros make Photos., for 75c. per dozen and up

Soothing, healing, cleansing. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the implacable enemy of sores, burns and wounds. It never fails to cure Piles. You may rely upon it H F Vortkamp northeast corner North and Main streets.

EXCURSION RATES

Via Pennsylvania Lines for Thanksgiving day. For the accommodation of persons who may wish to make Thanksgiving Day trips, nontransferable excursion tickets will be sold Thursday, November 24th, from ticket stations on the Pennsylvania Lines west of Pittsburg to any station on those lines within one hundred and fifty miles of selling point. Tickets for adults will not be sold for less than 25 cents, nor for children at less than 15 cents. Excursion tickets will be good returning up to and including Friday, November 25th. For details apply to nearest Pennsylvania Line ticket agent. no11-tu-th-sa-td

Maurice Foley, the genial ex-councilman and wife, celebrated their seventeenth wedding anniversary today as is their usual custom, and that they had a good time goes without saying.

IA OPERA HOUSE. | THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 24th.

MATINEE 3:00 P. M.



"LIMA'S THANKSGIVING LAUGHING LUXURY,"

MURRAY and MACK

PRESENTING

Finnigans 400

PRICES—Evening, 25, 50, 75, $1. Matinee, 25, 35, 50.

STUBBORN COLDS

A stubborn cold is easily taken; it sticks to some people all winter and very often develops into bronchitis or consumption. You should cure a cold promptly by taking Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. This celebrated remedy is acknowledged to be most efficient and reliable for all affections of the throat and lungs. It cures a cold at once.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Promptly cures Stubborn Colds.
Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

G. E. BLUEM, | 57 PUBLIC SQUARE. | G. E BLUEM.

A Condition Not a Theory.

Our November sales have demonstrated the strength of our offerings and the merits of our merchandise; our actual fulfillment of promises inspires public confidence and serves to keep us busy in sunshine or rain. We live up to our promises and promise some special values in our ladies' Jackets so long as this lot lasts.

Mode and blue Kersey and Covert Cloth in a full lined body and sleeves, box front, four-button---perfect stitching, perfect fitting.

.... PRICE $10.00.

G. E. BLUEM,

57 Public Square. Elevator 4th Floor.

The Popular Dry Goods, Dress Goods and Suit House, Lima, O.

STATE OF OHIO INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

COLUMBUS, November 12, 1898.

I, W S Matthews, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify that the Thuringia American Fire Insurance Company, located at New York, in the State of New York, has complied in all respects with the laws of this State relating to Insurance Companies other than Life, incorporated by other States of the United States, and is authorized to transact its appropriate business of Fire Insurance in this State, in accordance with law, during the current year The condition and business of said company on the thirty-first day of December of the year next preceding the date hereof, is shown by the statement, under oath, required by Section 264 Revised Statutes of Ohio, to be as follows.

Aggregate amount of available assets	$300,000 00
Aggregate amount of liabilities (except capital) including re-insurance	
Net assets	$300,000 00
Amount of actual paid up capital	200 000 00
Surplus	100,000 00
Amount of Income for the year in cash	
Amount of expenditures for the year in cash	

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name, and caused my official seal to be affixed, the day and year first above written. W S. MATTHEWS, Superintendent of Insurance

P A KAHLE Agent at Lima Ohio

P., Ft. W. & C. R. R

New Time Card, taking Effect Nov. 20, 1898

EAST FROM LIMA.

No.		
6.	Daily	7:35 a m
14.	Daily	8.25 a m
20.	Daily except Sunday	2.37 p m
36.	Daily except Sunday	7:27 p m
8.	Daily	9.30 p m
2.	Daily	10.45 p m

WEST FROM LIMA

15.	Daily	1.57 a m
5.	Daily	3:33 a m
39.	Daily except Sunday	9:50 a m
9.	Daily	2:32 p m
35.	Daily except Sunday	6.10 pm

FAUROT OPERA HOUSE

Friday, Nov. 25.

Special engagement of Mr. David Higgins, supported by Miss Georgia Waldron and a Selected Company of Players, in His Beautiful Play of Southern Life,

"At Piney Ridge."

A Romance of the Mountains of East Tynnessee. A car load of Scenery and Effects.

Reserved Seats at Melville's, 25c, 50c and 75c; boxes $1.00.

$100,000 TO LOAN.

We have a large amount of Money to Loan on Improved Real Estate (Farm or City) at 5 to 7 per cent. interest. Borrower can pay part or all of principal at any time. Interest stops on amount paid at that date; you pay interest on amount of principal you still have, no more. You are not compelled to pay any stipulated amount on principal monthly. No Building and Loan plan in ours. You will find our terms reasonable. When we tell you we can get you a loan you may depend upon getting it very soon. No delays or disappointments.

OUR MOTTO: "Get our terms and we will get your business." See us.

PHOENIX LOAN CO.,
(Room 21 (Third Floor) Opera Block Take Elevator.

A. SHERMAN,
Furniture Repairing and Upholstering.
First-Class Work at Reasonable Prices
206 S. Pine St.

MULLENHOUR & HEROLD
—PROPRIETOR OF—
BICYCLE AND MACHINE SHOP.
Most complete General Repair Shop in Lima
All Kinds of Patent Models Made to Order.
Will remove January first to the Davis room, first door south of High street, on Union

ROBERT W. THRIFT, ATTORNEY
And Counsellors-at-Law. Rooms 21 and 22 Metropolitan Block. Both 'phones. Loans negotiated. Notary in office. jun17-1yr

MONEY TO LOAN
At the Very Lowest Rate of Interest and on Short Notice. We have a large amount of money to loan on long time, in sums of $500 and upwards, on city property and improved farm lands, with privilege of paying part or all at any interest paying day. Persons wishing Cheap Money on Easy Terms will find it will be to their interest to call.
City Property, Vacant Lots and Farms for sale on Small Payments.
C. H. FOLSOM,
Real Estate and Loan Broke.,
Rooms Nos. 2 and 3 Holmes Block, Lima.

PHILADELPHIA DYE WORKS.
Robert Christie and Wm. Stickney, Proprietors'
Clothes cleaning, dyeing and repairing a specialty. Dyers, hatters and furnishers'
129 East High Street.

F. E. NOLAND, DENTIST.
Rooms 1 and 19 O'Connor Block, Second Floor, North Main Street

MONEY TO LOAN
ON PERSONAL PROPERTY—Diamonds, Watches, Rings, Revolvers, Guns, Musical Instruments, Etc I have some Big Bargains in Unredeemed Goods; see some of them in my windows Clock, Watch or Ring Repairing, the cheapest place in the city. Mr Fred. Dufresne, the finest Engraver and Watch Repairer in the city.
REEL, 210 East Market.



Joseph Bletzacker,
The High Art
Merchant Tailor.
Rooms 8 and 9,
Satterthwaite Block, Lima, Ohio.

DR. KNISELY,
EYE, EAR and THROAT SPECIALIST.
Catarrh, Throat and Lung Trouble treated by Vapor Inhalation
Rooms 3 and 4 Cincinnati Block | No charge for Examination.

Umbrella Hospital.
F. J. SHAVELIA, Prop.
No 127 E High Street.
Manufacturer of Umbrellas and Parasols to order.
Repairing and recovering neatly done. Baby Cabs repaired to order.
Only up to date concern of this kind in Lima. Give him a call.

LIMA SHOE CO.
Manufacturers of Latest Styles
335 North Main Street....... MEN'S SHOES,
Save your money by getting your shoes repaired. PRICES FOR REPAIRING: Men's half soles, sewed, 50c; Ladies' half soles, sewed, 35c; Boys' half soles, sewed, 40c; Children's half soles, sewed, 25c; Men's heels, 20c; Women's heels, 15c.
Pure oak tanned leather used. Work done while you wait
GENTS' SEWED CALF SHOES.
Made to measure, perfect fit guaranteed.
All the latest styles and shapes. Select your own leather and see your shoes made.
PATCHING OF ALL KINDS.
Ready made goods kept in stock at Lowest Prices. Men's, Women's and Children's Rubbers.
Will be open next Saturday Call and see us and save your money

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

BILL'S IN TROUBLE.

[illegible]

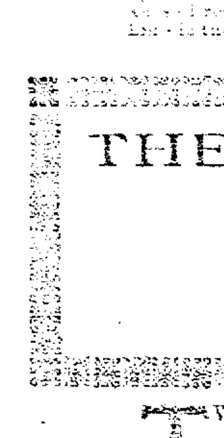
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—Denver Post.

THE STAR OF THE BOG OF ANNEN.

By James Riley.



TWILIGHT was falling, and Michael O'Neil, behind his load of turf, was driving up the steep hill this side of the bog of Annen. Tired, after his hard day's work in the bog, Michael put his hand on the load, and, looking down on the ground, as the cart moved up the hill, held his whip over his right shoulder.

"Poor John," he said to himself; "so I'll never see you again!" He was thinking of his oldest son who, five years before, had left home for Australia, and last night came the news of his death. And Thomas, too, the youngest, who had gone to America, the pet of his father and mother, but ungrateful, had taken the price of two fat bullocks that he sold at the fair, the day he left, and never returned even to say good-by. The thought of a child's ingratitude always hurts a father's heart, and Michael was thinking of this when he came to the top of the hill, and, a sod of turf falling, he stopped the horse to throw it up on the load. As he reached down for the sod the light of the public house across the way flashed out into the road, the publican, Martin Haney, just lighting his lights.

There was a time in his young days when Michael O'Neil drank hard. But he had changed, and not tasted spirits for twenty years, never, since the day he walked fifteen miles to Moate, to take the pledge from the hands of Father Mathew, had he drunk a drop of strong drink. So much of a dislike had Michael for a public house where drink was sold that he would not, now, not for the world, have stopped the horse; even for a sod of turf, before the door of Martin Haney. It is always good to break from a bad habit, but better not to fall into one, for a road once walked on is easy to tread again, especially if it was traversed at first when we were young. And so with Michael O'Neil now. For a score of years he had not been tempted, but this night he had been feeling bad, and could he not go in and drown his sorrow in at least one glass? As he thought of this he put his hand into his pocket for the money to buy the dram. But there was none there. He was walking up to the door while doing this, and was near the step when he found himself pulled from behind. Three down jerks of his coat made him look around, and he found that his horse and load of turf were gone. He had heard no noise, and it was all done in a moment.

Michael was startled. He did not know what to do. He stepped a few paces farther on and climbed up a big rock on the side of the road that was on the top of the hill, the light of Martin Haney's windows all the time upon him. It was now very dark, and the bog-land below and the Hill of Hart beyond were quite lost to his sight.

He stood there looking into the night for a moment, when there came a bright light from out of the sky that lit up all the scene—the bog of Annen, the River Doun and the Hill of Hart. It was a blazing star that came down from the sky, and shooting to the centre of the bog beside the dead water made from the digging on the peat, where was his horse and cart, the whole bog was alive with fairies. They were running for the cart, as the star lighted them, and it falling, rested a dazzling thing of light on the load of turf. As it did so the heavens darkened again, but the star kept bright the bog. Now the fairy king, sitting upon his little horse, cried to his men, "It must be done quickly, before the moon rises!" And with that he jumped from his horse's back right into the centre of the star. As he did so, there was less light, and now Michael thought it was time to run for his cart and horse.

Down the steep hill and across the bog at full speed he went, the light of the star all the time growing less and less, and the fairy king growing smaller and smaller, until, as he reached the cart and the bright edge of the moon came over the hill, it lit only a small piece of silver on the top sod of turf—perhaps the very sod that Michael had flung up when at the top of the hill. He stood on the wheel, and reaching for it, found it very hot in his hand. Tossing it from one palm to the other, however, while it cooled, he found it was a crown, and, putting it in his pocket, thought again of the drink. For now had he not the money to buy it?

It was well known to Michael—his mother had told him of it when he was learning to walk—that the faries never did anything that was wrong; that the name given them long ago, "the good people," was given in "airnist," and no one ever yet was hurt, or led astray or to do a wrong act by a fairy.

So now, when he felt himself helped up on the cart and the reins put into his hands, and the horse was moving slowly along to the road without a word from him—when he saw all this he felt that the fairies were doing it for a good purpose.

Why the horse should go so easy over the bog surprised him, until he looked back and saw that there were, perhaps, a hundred little men pushing at the cart—the first against the cart and the rest against him. At the road a voice came out of the thicket which said: "Turn him to rights, Nobbs!" Then as the horse went up the hill, the little chaps would jump on to the spokes of the wheels when they came up over the center, and ride down on them, thus helping the horse.

Michael was growing more thirsty every minute, and he was glad when he reached the top of the hill, and again the horse stopped before the door of Martin Haney's.

The publican was alone when Michael entered; but he did not want to show his surprise to see Mr. O'Neil, the model man of the parish who never drank, coming into his place, so he stepped back to wait on his customer. As he did so Michael lay down on the counter the bright new crown. Its light was so bright that the drink merchant stepped up to it before getting the dram, only to find he could not lift it from where it was.

"What do ye mane," he said, looking up with a frown, "puttin' money on me counther that I can't take up from it?"

"It's good money," answered Michael, at the same time turning his eyes to the coin and noticing that instead of the queen's head upon it was that of the fairy king.

"It's not! it's counterfeit!" replied the man, with anger. "Sure, that's not the queen's head at all, at all!"

"Well, it's all the money I have," answered Michael.

"Well, then, you'll get no liquor here without ye bring the queen's coin!"

All this time Michael was stepping back, and he now heard the door open behind him, and knew it was the fairies telling him to get away.

He would have done so without the hint, for he saw that only his money was wanted where he was. As he turned around, the coin was lighting up the whole place, while "Nobbs," the fairy that drove the horse, was blowing out the lamps. At this he ran for his cart as quickly as he could, for something told him he could not be too quick; and jumping on the load of turf—the horse was already turned toward home—he dashed down the hill at an awful rate.

And he was none too soon; for he had hardly reached the corner, where lived Lord Darcy's gamekeeper, when there was an explosion behind that shook all Ireland. A bright light, and the same star shooting back up into the heavens, showed out the hill behind, the public house of Martin Haney blown to atoms, and around it the fairies and fairy king were marching, the latter waving his sword, and shouting at Michael: "Hurry home! hurry home!"

And so he did; and what was his surprise and joy to find his oldest son, whom he thought had died in Australia, back again and a rich man. But more than this, was a letter from Thomas, in America, writing his sorrow for the wrong he had done his father.

It was always a mystery to the people around the bog of Annen what became of Martin Haney. The next morning, his shop all broken and wrecked as if by an earthquake, was seen on the hill; but that was all. But Michael O'Neil, although he said nothing, and had no desire again in life for drink, while he remembered the good fairies, yet thinking something dark might have happened to Martin Haney, never forgot to pray for the poor man's soul.—New York Independent.

THE REFORMED FISH POND

Promises to Drive Charity Bazars and Fairs Out of Business.

[illegible]

One of the most successful [illegible] the reformed fish pond. [illegible] genuine body of water, with an island in the center. This latter is made [illegible] in shape and about six or eight feet in diameter. Right out of its center rises a very gaily painted kiosk with a pagoda-shaped roof, and the remaining expanse of the island is covered with very green stage grass. [illegible] a metal trough [illegible] and by means of a very little [illegible] put on to the big hose that supplies the trough, the water is sent round the island with a rush that recalls [illegible] Niagara falls.

[illegible] maroon a company of damsels, selected, of course, with due reference to good looks. From three to six belles will pretty comfortably populate the place, and each and every inhabitant must be dressed in the costumes of fisherwomen. A Dutch, a Breton, a Neapolitan, a Basque and Norwegian fisher maiden make a gay and pleasing combination, and these serve as saleswomen for bait to buy rods and lines stored in the kiosk. The stock of the lake consists of very cleverly made and artistically decorated fish of all sizes and species. They are composed of pressed paper, and every fish has a prize in his body and a ring in his nose.

For a sum, fixed by the fair managers, visitors are entitled to a fishing privilege, and from any one of the damsels on the island receive a neat little line, baited only with a hook. As the fish go rushing round the island in the swift current, the effort must be made to put the hook through the ring in the nose of any specimen coveted. When a fish is landed a line on the papier mache body shows where a knife can be inserted, the catch laid open and a prize drawn out. Of course, one fish does hold a prize worth having; a pretty piece of jewelry, a silver shoe hook, or some such covetable thing, while the rest contain tinsel trifles. On excellent authority, it is said that playing a muskellunge or landing a salman is sleepy work in comparison with this artificial piscatorial endeavor.

At the first fair where the fish pond got down to business, ten minutes after the doors of the hall where the fair was held were opened, a strange, assorted mob took possession of the well stocked waterway. Round and round the lake raced the crowd, made up of little boys in petticoats, clergymen in long-tailed coats, reverend grandfathers, noble-looking dudes, fat matrons and debutants in lovely frocks, all bawling, scratching, shoving pushing, wildly gesticulating, tramping on each other's corns, but in a gale of merriment and every one pursuing a special and speedy fish. A small girl fell plump into the lake, was whisked out, but not a fisherman or woman stopped to soothe or render it to its nurse. Now and then, with a wild yell, somebody would beat a way through the crowd, exhausted, but clutching a fish and radiant over the chocolate cigar or tin watch it would be found to contain.

Serious and scientific fishermen declared they had more fun over one gilt paper minnow than over the ninety and nine shining trout or tarpon ever taken.

If there is a feature of the new and improved charity fair that presumes to rival the fish pond, it is the brigand's den. Into this service are pressed all the young gentlemen banjoists, and fair young lady warblers who used to hold forth at the fairs to the great misery of the crowd. In place of the banjo and sheet music, they are given toy pistols, tin swords and wooden daggers, and wear these weapons with the appropriate costumes of Turkish, Sicilian, or Montenegrin highwaymen.

With their feminine fellow brigands this troupe is given possession of a passage way marked "dangerous." Venturesome folk who enter here think they have fallen on a free show and find themselves wandering in a weird, dark sort of lumber room of high piled soap boxes that pretend to be rocks, brooms waving their straws in the air as trees, paper snakes coiled as for a spring, while stuffed owls perch about like eagles. Suddenly there is a command to halt, and the cold steel of a toy pistol is pressed against the visitor's forehead or shirt bosom; lanterns twinkle, percussion caps snap fiercely, and the brigands and their wives order hands up and demand the usual alternative. A pretense of search is carried through, one of the marauding ladies takes down the visitor's name in a neat notebook, and then, after coolly robbing him or her of some possession, the victim is allowed to go.

It rests with the whim of the brigands as to what shall be taken. Sometimes a man's watch, scarfpin, or sleeve links are secured, while a cardcase, handkerchief or parasol is sternly demanded of a lady. Just as often, however, an unlucky explorer will issue from the highwaymen's cave minus a necktie, coat, Paris hat, or high-heeled patent leather Oxford tie, and in one instance a nice young man was robbed of his fiance who accompanied him. Every hour the brigand band hold an auction of effects at the cave door, or announce they will accept suitable ransom for the stolen goods. Nobody is allowed to bid over a fixed limit, and the proceeds of the auction are turned into the fair fund.

How He Puts In His Extremely Miserable Days.

When diplomats go to see the emperor of China their audience is limited to ten or fifteen minutes, for fear, the court officials say, that the "barbarian" would not be able to stand for a longer time the dazzling light and overpowering majesty of presence which attaches to the "descendant of the sun" and first cousin to all the fixed stars. In former times the ambassadors were corralled in little black tents within the walls of the "Forbidden City" before they were marshalled into the presence of the emperor.

Now they pass between rows of these tents and are taken to a little wooden building in the palace grounds which is like the waiting room of a country railroad station, says the New York Press. There they wait until the "Son of Heaven" is ready to receive them. They go to the palace in sedan chairs hired for the occasion, and as many of these are wedding chairs the street gamins along the way "guy" the ambassadors, just as New York street boys would do, and ask them if they expect to get a wife at the palace. The mandarins receive the ministers and ambassadors gorgeous in silks and furs wearing on their breasts square Chinese orders shining with precious stones, and on their heads peacock feathers and skull caps with the "little, red, round button on top."

The English and American legations are usually arrayed in sober evening dress, unless the minister happens to be a military man, when he wears his uniform. The Anglo-Saxons are completely outshone by the French, Russian, German, Holland, Austrian, Spanish, Italian and Japanese legations, whose display of gold lace, gold embroideries, medals, ribbons, insignias, plumes, spears, swords and helmets look for all the world like a Kiralfy ballet, and, of course, make a most profound impression on the mind of the tinsel-loving Oriental.

Tea is served to the waiting diplomats in cups which are of rare china, but are very dirty, and Japanese cigarettes are given them to smoke. There is a generally dilapidated look about the buildings of the "Forbidden City" and many sketchy [illegible]. The "barbarians" cannot, of course, be admitted to the real palace [illegible] so the audience is held in a building from which the [illegible] have dropped off [illegible] the [illegible] expected.

Arrived there, they enter the presence of a young man of twenty-eight who looks like a worn and weary old man. He sits behind a table on a dais. His face is yellow and wrinkled and his cheeks are hollow. His head is sunk down between his shoulders and his eyes seem to have had some expression put into them by the administration of drugs. A pitiful, childish smile plays about his mouth, and when his lips part he shows long, yellow, uneven teeth. Beside him stand the stolid tartar princes of the blood, with emotionless faces and unmoving forms. He seems like a shriveled mummy into which just enough life has been injected to go through the ceremony of reception—dull, apathetic, hopeless. When he speaks in reply to the address of the ambassadors and ministers he lisps and makes himself understood, with an effort, to his uncle, the Prince Kung, who acts as his mouthpiece. Such is the "Continuer of Splendor," from whose presence no one ever came away with anything but a feeling of pity.

This manikin of an emperor has one "first wife," thirteen other wives and two or three thousand concubines. When he was seventeen years old the empress dowager decided that it was time for him to marry, and that he should start housekeeping with three wives. These three were selected by her out of the lot chosen from several thousand candidates by the governors of provinces and sent up to Peking. The other wives have been selected since, and all by the empress dowager. The wives do not live in the same building as the emperor, but in separate houses in the "Purple Forbidden City," each surrounded by her own retinue. In the house where the emperor himself lives he is surrounded by several hundred eunuchs, and the eunuchs of the household have been his only friends and playmates since childhood. Most of the day the emperor drowses and generally attends to pleasure, and what little business it is permitted him to do is done at night. At night he sometimes mounts a white mule and rides out to visit his wives, whom he knows slightly, having been presented to them by the dowager empress. Too apathetic and listless to guide his mule, he was accustomed to dismount at the house of the wife before whose door the animal stopped.

One of the wives was seized with ambition and dreamed of playing a part in state affairs. She had dreams of "downing" the old dowager and "running" the emperor herself. She was an observant young person, and she noticed that the emperor left his mule to its own guidance. Therefore she strewed branches of sorghum in front of her house, and the mule, scenting it, stopped. This went on for a while, and the cunning wife was obtaining a growing influence over the emperor until the other wives discovered the trick and went to the dowager empress about it. The old lady laughed and whispered in the ears of the indignant wives. That night when the emperor went riding on his white mule there was sorghum in front of every house in "Soubrette Row."

The unfortunate emperor is obliged to get up every morning at 2 o'clock, and spends an hour in dressing. He is not allowed to have breakfast until 9 o'clock, and dinner is fixed for 5 in the afternoon.

The bill of fare for the day is made out long in advance, and, therefore, it happens that fruits and vegetables may have been in season for weeks before the emperor is allowed to eat them. Everything which goes on the imperial table is served in duplicate—two bowls of soup, two fowls, etc. A court physician watches him while he eats, and if he seems to be especially fond of any one dish the court physician touches it with a wand and an attendant whisks it away. That dish seldom appears on the imperial table again. The emperor is fond of good living, and the expenses of the imperial kitchen are enormous, but his feasts are of the Barmecide character for all that. The principal articles of the emperor's diet are specified by law. He is to have set before him each day thirty pounds of roast meat and seven pounds made into soup. He is also to have each day a pound of hog's fat or butter and the milk of eight cows. If he so desires he can order each day two sheep, two fowls and two ducks, while seventy-five parcels of tea are daily set aside for his use. And yet he frequently goes away from the table hungry because of the watchful eye of the court physician.

In his capacity of high priest the emperor has to offer at least forty-six sacrifices to different gods in the course of a year; and as each sacrifice is dedicated to one or more holidays, which must be passed by him in complete solitude, the miserable monarch's time must be pretty well taken up. These sacrifices are made by him either by night or about dawn, and the houses along the route taken by him, as he is carried in his closed palanquin through the deserted streets of the city, are hung with black, the effect of which is unspeakably depressing. It is also a strict religious rule that his majesty shall offer in the course of every year many hundreds of silk balloons before the tablets of his ancestors, the unbroken line of whom extends back before the lifetime of our Lord. These balloons are made of the richest silk obtainable, and several of the imperial silk manufactories are occupied the whole year through with the fabrication of the material. How this spiritless, worn out young man ever conceived the ideas of reform the attempt to carry out which caused his deposition, is a mystery. His closest friend heretofore has been Pi Tsiau Li, the head eunuch, who was supposed to be also in the confidence of the dowager. If this individual has aided and abetted the emperor in his ideas of reform there is by this time a vacancy in his most remunerative office.

Harper's Magazine: The first passage at arms between American citizens and Chinese was in 1809, when Mr. J. P. Sturgis of Boston arrived in the ship Atahualpa, Capt. Bacon, at Macao. The terrible Chinese pirate Apootsae was then ravaging the coast, capturing imperial forts, laying whole towns under contribution, massacreing those who opposed him and terrorizing the mandarins. In vain were rewards offered for his head. Having watched and seen the chief officer and an armed boat's crew leaving the Atahualpa for the city to obtain a river pilot, he thought the capture of the foreign devil's ship would be easy. Ranging his junks under color of moving up the river, and feigning to run past the American ship, the pirates suddenly rounded, expecting to leap on board and kill the eighteen or twenty men left there. Instead of quick success, the Chinaman caught a tartar. Astounded as the Yankees were, their cannon were fortunately loaded, and they made lively use of them, with Brown Bess muskets, horse pistols and boarding pikes, defended themselves with spirit. The Chinese threw on deck plenty of those home-made hand grenades which, owing to the quantity of sulphur in the powder, were unpoetically termed "stinkpots," but they killed none of their foes. Amid the shrieks and groans of their wounded, a hellish din with gongs and drums was kept up. The Yankees fired with such effect that the Chinese were beaten off. Apootsae called away his men and his ships were soon lost to sight. This episode put such courage into the cowardly mandarins that, by means of bribery and treachery, they secured the cutthroat Apootsae and had him put to death by the slow and prolonged process of hacking, called "the thousand cuts." From this time forth there was intense respect for Americans at Canton and Macao, and business increased with little interruption.

SAINTE ANNE'S NEW MIRACLES.

Canadian Shrine Beginning to Rival Lourdes.

Scribes and Pharisees and doubting Thomases are among the myriads of devout pilgrims who yearly flock to the far-famed shrine of Saint Anne de Beaupre. During the past summer the New World Mecca on the northern banks of the St. Lawrence has been visited by more than one hundred and twenty thousand people. On a single day, seven thousand persons ascended the holy stairs in kneeling posture. From every state in the Union, from every province in the Dominion and even from remote New Zealand devotees have traveled to the cluster of convents and churches, nestling among the blue Laurentian Hills, twenty miles east of Quebec.

Across the long narrow road, against the hillside, is the little old church—l'ancienne eglise de Ste. Anne de Beaupre—first built in 1658 by grateful Breton sailors, who ascribed their preservation during a violent storm on the river to St. Anne's intervention and vowed to erect a chapel in her honor, whenever they were permitted to come to shore. Here, too, is the sacred fountain, whose waters are believed to possess powers of miraculous healing. Farther along and higher up the cliff, overlooking river and country for a vast extent, is the edifice where the Holy Stairs—Scala Santa—have been erected in imitation of the steps mounted by the Saviour in the palace of Pontius Pilate. Convents for members of religious orders and retreats for pilgrims stretch along the crest of the cliff. There is literally nothing in the village of St. Anne that has not some connection with the shrine.

As the crowds jostled along the board walk, leading from train and boat to the Bascilica, a blind beggar stood, as of old, by the wayside, making mute appeal to passers-by with his battered hat. Here was a subject for St. Anne's wonderful working. Was the saint deaf to this poor denizen of her own hamlet?

"Ho! you! What are you doing here?" called out a rude, coarse-voiced fellow, adding contemptuously, "Why don't St. Anne cure you?"

Ignorant of English, the habitant beggar bowed gratefully, evidently thinking something had been added to the stock of pennies in the old hat.

It was no pale-faced esthetic, no visionary recluse, who stood at the doorway to guide pilgrims through the sacred edifice and to apply the healing relic to the afflicted. A broad-shouldered, ruddy Irish priest beamed on the new-comers and laughed welcomes right and left. He was not of the stuff that begets morbid dreams to work on the emotions of religius enthusiasts and plots dramatic effects to set fanatical imaginations in a flame. Here was a downright sort of man, with no humbug about him and no nonsense but the kind that finds vent in a hearty laugh. These are the characteristics that have endeared Father Holland to all pilgrims. Impartial observers could confidently expect sincere and unembellished statements from this man.

"Those," said the priest tersely, pointing to two great piles of crutches, that reached from the floor to ceiling on each side of the center door, "those things speak for themselves." Crutches—not in hundreds, but in tens of hundreds—crutches with the cross-bar worn and the arm-pad frayed from long usage by the lame, steel frames for limbs crippled from thigh to ankle, iron boots for misshapen feet, steel corset and band for spinal deformity, knee rests, pillows, bandages, ear trumpets, in fact, all kinds of mechanical contrivances for human sufferers, were heaped in pyramids from tiled floor to vaulted roof.

Especial interest was attached to the history of a pair of crutches recently left in the church. Anthony O'Donnell, a pilgrim from a well known place in one of the Eastern states, had been brought to St. Anne's, suffering from paralysis of one side. He was placed before the altar-rail of the rear chapel, where he knelt in earnest prayer. Meanwhile, service was proceeding in the main church. The afflicted man pressed his lips reverently to the relic and the officiating priest applied it to head, shoulders and side. Confidently believing that only lack of faith could prevent his cure and wrought to highest pitch of agonized expectation, the sufferer awaited answer to his prayer. The relic was again applied.

"How do you feel?" asks the priest.

"A little better, father," comes the low response. Was imagination beginning to work, or was a miracle about to take place? There were many supplicants kneeling at the altar rail. All was quiet and no especial attention was directed to this paralytic.

"Continue praying," says the priest; "don't be discouraged."

A little later the priest bends over the man and inquires, "Have you courage to leave your crutches? Can you come with me, now?" The paralytic springs to his feet and leaps up like a child that had never known deformity, throwing aside his crutches in an ecstacy of delight; and a parish priest, who had silently watching this case, snatches up the discarded crutches and, waving them above his head rushes into the main church. The cry goes through the throng, "A miracle! A miracle!" There is silence for a moment. Then men and women begin to laugh and weep hysterically and the vast assembly bursts into a magnificat and finds relief for overwrought emotions by singing triumphant praises.

"How did it affect you, Father Holland?"

"Oh!" said the Irish priest, evidently disgusted with himself, "Oh! I was crying like a sheep."

Scarcely less remarkable was the case of Sister Mary Bernadotte of Watertown, N. Y. She was carried into the church utterly helpless, suffering from spinal affliction, and was placed before the altar rail. The sisters of the same order, who accompanied her, began to pray. Then the time came for their train to leave and Sister Mary was told that she must go. The other sister arose to depart. To the utter astonishment of all, she, too, who had been a helpless invalid for months, and whom the doctors could not cure, arose from her chair, stepped out and walked steadily to the altar-rail, where a full heart poured out its gratitude.

"What!" cried the priest: "are you cured?"

"Yes, father," answered the invalid with too great joy for expression.

"Don't you think she could imagine that?" inquired a doubting Thomas in the crowd.

"She certainly could if she had the imagination which you evidently possess," responded the holy father. Another sceptical listener suggests with tact that there was a possibility of these two afflictions not being organic.

"Paralysis and spinal trouble might have resulted from mental conditions, which great religious enthusiasm removed. Now, what about people suffering from cancer who came here?" this doubter asks of Father Holland.

Name and address were given of a woman, afflicted with cancer, who had received treatment in the Quebec hospital and whose case was there pronounced incurable. As a last resort, the woman was brought to St. Anne's. She was set down in the church. The relic was applied and prayers were made in her behalf. Carried back to the hotel, she grew rapidly worse. Priests and physicians thought death near. One of the fathers carried the relic to her hotel and applied it; but in vain. The woman was told to prepare for death. She then took the relic of St. Anne in her own hand and cried out, "Oh! I am cured!"

This woman, who had not been able to stand for months and whose cancer the doctors declared incurable and certain to result in early death, ascended the whole length of the Holy Stairs, step by step unaided, and went about the village of St. Anne alone for a whole week, before departing for her home.

"But the doctor might have been mistaken," interrupted an unsatisfied auditor. "Has there been a case of a person radically and plainly defective from birth who has been cured here?"

"Why! The case of young Riley from Reading, Pa., was of that description," answered Father Holland. "This boy was born blind. His people held a certificate from the doctors that he could not be cured. His mother brought him here a few weeks ago. Mother and son knelt at the altar rail. The mother was silently praying, while the relic was passed over the boy's eyes. The boy, before leaving the altar, opened his eyes, picked up a 5-cent piece and found and picked up a pin on the floor. The strange thing about it was that the little chap couldn't understand glass. When we showed him the jewels in glass cases he tried to put his little fist through the glass and couldn't understand what stopped him. That boy is now all right and his people are erecting a tablet to commemorate the miraculous cure."

A more impressive monument to religious belief and human gratitude than the interior of the Basilica could not be found. Neither artistic skill nor money has been spared to honor St. Anne by lavish decoration of the great church. At the end of the central aisle, immediately in front of the altar rail, stands the statue of St. Anne. The figure is mounted on a pure onyx column of chaste green shade, around which are entwined votive offerings. A railing, filled with more crutches, encircles the square base of the pedestal. The glass across the relic, at the foot of the shaft, is worn with the kisses of devotees. Flowers and missives, addressed to St. Anne, lie beneath the statue. Behind the figure of the saint extends the white marble altar railing, on which are sculptured in bas-relief, emblematical groups. A great quadrant of corrara, with gold decorations and banks of natural flowers, overspans the central altar. On either wall are immense glass cases filled with watches, bracelets, rings, diamonds and other jewels, testifying to the gratitude of St. Anne's beneficiaries. A large gilded hand, with the bone of the saint, encased in glass and inserted in the arm, stands to the left; and behind the white marble panoply is a picture of St. Anne and the Virgin, receiving two pilgrims. This painting is by Lebrun and was the gift of the marquis de Tracy in 1666.

On every hand are what appeals to artistic sentiment and pleases the eye; but in the great Basilica are many things that call up tender echoes of human sufferings. The walls are covered with marble tablets, on which are inscribed in gold letters, "Good St. Anne, Pray For Us," "Thanks to Good St. Anne," "Bonne St. Anne, Merci," "St. Anne, Mere de la Vierge-Marie, priez pour nous," signed people, religious orders and communities in all parts of the United States and Canada. Flowers—costly bouquets from the florist, the gift of the rich, and little, shame-faced wild flowers, picked from the fields by the poor—lie at St. Anne's feet. Notes, written with the faith and simplicity of a child, addressed to St. Anne, are placed beneath the sacred statue. "Thanks, Good Saint Anne," reads one of these half unfolded notes, written in scrawly, cramped hand. Pitiful, in the extreme, is the missive, which implores, "O, Saint Anne! Save My Child!"

"Thousands go away uncured," said a Redemptionist father, as if to temper the exuberant zeal of some of the pilgrims about him. Just then a bent and enfeebled old man came groping his way down one of the side corridors, stopping and feeling the wall of each arch to the lateral chapels till he found the entrance to Our Lady of Pity. He was half-blind and suffering from some nervous paroxysm. Presently the moaning and weeping of one, crying for aid from the very depths of woe, sounded from the Chapel of Our Lady of Pity; and the spectators seemed like criminals, spying on this poor creature's agony.

WRECKS AND DERELICTS.

The Vesuvius Very Successful in Removing Them.

St. Nicholas: A stranded vessel is not a menace to navigation, and is therefore left severely alone; but a wreck sunk in a few fathoms of water, in the track of coastwise shipping, is a dangerous obstruction. The large, heavy masts of a sunken coaster might rip up the bottom of a colliding vessel, and a ledge of rock would not be more fatal than the submerged hull. In one year the United States hydrographic office, which is a branch of the bureau of navigation of the navy department, has received nearly two thousand reports of wrecks and dangerous obstructions, and ordered the destruction of as many of these as was practicable. This work is done with torpedoes. After the explosion there is no torpedo left, but there is also no wreck.

It is impossible to say how much damage has been done by collision with wrecks and derelicts, as ships abandoned at sea are called. Sunken wrecks are hidden dangers. The sky may be clear and the seaway light; they smite the unsuspecting victim from the depths, and add one more of those disasters which are the more tragic for the awful mystery that surrounds them. During the seven years from 1887 to 1894 forty-five such collisions—nine, or nearly one-fourth, resulting in total loss, the others in great damage—were reported to the United States hydrographer. Of the nine fatal collisions, five were with wrecks and four with derelicts.

The Yantic, the Despatch and the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius are among the vessels of the United States navy which have most actively waged war upon sunken wrecks. The U. S. S. San Francisco also has the honor of having destroyed a derelict, in which operation she was, however, obliged to resort to all methods of naval attack except boarding—torpedoes ramming and shelling. Capt. Crowninshield, when commanding the Kearsarge, removed a curious obstruction to navigation off Cape May. A schooner was reported sunk there in twelve fathoms of water. Capt. Crowninshield was surprised, on reaching the spot, to find the heels of two masts—not the upper but the lower ends—protruding fifteen feet above water. In some inconceivable manner, these masts must have become unstepped from a sunken vessel and the heels had swung up, the ends of the spars being held down by the rigging. One mast was shattered by torpedoes, the other pulled out by the Kearsarge and then destroyed. It was not necessary to break up the hull, as there was enough water above it.

The Vesuvius was very successful as a wreck destroyer. Some of the obstructions are difficult to locate. The same wreck may be reported in three different positions by as many different vessels; and with so many clues to follow, it is not easy to run down the game. The Vesuvius has found a wreck with only two feet of spar protruding above water—and two feet of spar sticking out of the broad Atlantic is rather like the traditional needle in the haystack.

A Discriminating Censor.

Springfield Republican: F. Brocklehurst, a well known citizen of Manchester, Eng., was sent to prison for protesting against some local park regulations. He now tells how he asked for a copy of Shakespeare while in jail. "Can't let you have Shakespeare," was the answer of the governor. "Why's that?" demanded the astonished captive. "An author who wrote 'Don Juan' cannot be a moral writer," was the reply of the censor. So Mr. Brocklehurst had to rest content with a copy of "Euclid," which is at best harmless, even if the "moral helpfulness" on which the prison regulations insist is not very apparent.

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E BEETLE AND THE BAT.

ou know a cure for freckles?"
the beetle to the bat.
folks say castor oil is good,
some say mutton fat.
ried the oil of peppermint,
rubbing with a brick,
urpentine and lactic,
the spots are just as thick."

finest cure for freckles,"
the bat in kind reply,
get a Spanish onion
rub it in your eye;
hen the tears begin to run,
spots will disappear;
you take a dose of senna,
a course of ginger beer."

I must ask a question,"
he beetle said the bat,
ou know the brightest polish
a battered Sunday hat?
ried it with pomatum,
seed poultices and snuff,
he brim keeps very rusty,
the nap is rather rough."

heard my grandmamma remark,"
beetle made reply,
should put it through a mangle,
then bake it in a pie."
e one has lost his freckles,
the other dressed the hat,
hey're very, very friendly,
the beetle and the bat.
—Little Folks.

Pete's Bear.

I could get a nice good heavy
kin for you, gran'mother, it
keep you warm all the time,"
Pete.
on't talk about bears, Pete," said
ld woman, dropping her knitting
ld up a warning hand.
harm to talk, gran'mother. It
likely I'll have the luck of gettin'

ou keep to the trappin' of the
things, Pete. That's enough for
like you. You do lots of helpin'
your rabbits and squirrels. And
you shoot a wildcat last winter;
ldn't it made into a muff and tip-
or Hetty, and she takin' no end
mfort wearin' it?"
hem huntin' men from away off
' said Pete, with a look of mod-
ride and satisfaction, "they said
they seen Hetty's muff and tip-
hat there was many a lady that'd
ad to be wearin' such a handsome
fur as them."
hey thought your squirrel mittens
fine, too.'
o, squirrels don't count. That was
because of your clever makin' of
gran'mother. But see, now," Pete
on, with affectionate eagerness,
ou had a bear robe it would keep
warm day and night. Daytimes it
d lay on the floor where you sit,
he nice thick fur'd keep your feet
and keep the wind from blowin'
rough the holes in the floor Then
ght you'd think you was in Flor-
that one of them hunters was tell-
f—where they never has a speck
e or snow and flowers bloomin'
he year round. Though"—Pete
not such a fool as to believe all
big stories."
a wise little shake of his head—
ete," said his grandmother, with
asp of his arm, "now you promise
ou won't go huntin' bears. Prom-
she insisted.
Well," said Pete, rather unwillingly
I promise, kind o'. But when I'm
after other things and might see
ar—not one of your big fierce fel-
but a small no 'count sort of a
—and I should have two good
ges in my gun, you wouldn't have
o take off my hat to him and turn
nd to shoot a rabbit, would you,
'mother?"
Well, you be careful," said the old
an, with anxious indefiniteness.
te honestly intended to keep his
nise to the full letter, but as he
ped from one to another of his
es over the rough mountain sides
eyes were always on the alert. Not
ir in a clump of evergreens, not
ck protruding from the snow or a
gled thicket of bare boughs in a ra-
, but set his heart beating with
hope that the peaceably disposed
might be in waiting to invite his
arely shot.
came at last, but not as his mind's
had so often pictured it. His heart
ned to leap to his throat as one
ing his way led him toward the
r, between which and himself rose
ossy bank, gradually narrowing un-
t terminated in a steep, sharp point.
on this point, clearly cut as in
outte against the afterglow of the
set sky, stood a full-sized black
r.
didn't hunt it—I didn't. It's there
nout any huntin' of mine." The
-spoken words trembled on his lips
he raised his gun and fired. The
t missed, but he quickly shot again.
I've hit! I've hit!" Pete fairly
ced in his excitement, as the heavy
s rolled over and fell out of sight,
arently on the land side of the
ky promontory. Conscientiously
ring in mind his grandmother's in-
ctions to prudence, he cautiously
mined the ground, but could find
trace of his prey.
He climbed the broken, jagged rocks
il he came to a basin about twelve
t deep. At the bottom of this he
ld dimly see in the increasing dark-
s some black moving objects.
There 'tis—and cubs!" In his de-
ht Pete almost lost his footing.
As there seemed no occasion for
ste, he deliberated with himself as
the wisest course to pursue.
"You're safe and tight, my hearty,
fur's I know. And you're fightin'
d, too, by the sounds," hearing the
growls and snorts of the enraged
r.
"Well, I don't want to run the risks
o' shootin' them little critters And
I don't feel like climbin' down there
and tacklin' you in the dark,' recalling
many a story of the peril of attacking
a wounded animal. "But I'll see you
again before long."
Sorely against his will he went home.
Hetty, Hetty" In the darkness of
the early morning Pete stood by her
bed speaking close at her ear.
What, Pete?" she said, springing up.
"Sh! Don't wake grar'mother. Say,
Hetty, I shot a bear and hit."
"Oh, Pete!"
"Sure's you live!"
"Dead?"
"No; but I guess she will be 'fore
I've done with her. Come along with
me and help."
The stout mountain girl had taken
many a tramp with Pete, and was
soon ready for the adventure. With
a rope, two rifles and a large trap
they made their way to besiege the
bear. Carefully examining the sur-
roundings of the pit, Pete found a hole
leading from the bottom of it.
"Now, we'll set this trap here, so's
to catch the cubs if they try to get
out."
Both then climbed to the edge of the
basin. It was dark below, but they
could hear the bears as they moved
about. Pete strained his eyes trying
to get a shot at the mother, but, rous-
ed by their movements, she, with an-
gry snarls, retreated to a corner out
of range of his gun.
"That's what I guessed she'd do,"
said Pete, as he tied the rope around
his waist. "Now, Hetty, I'm goin' to
climb down or drop down, or any
way to get down, and when I sing out
you're to haul me up quicker'n a wink."
"Oh, Pete!" cried Hetty, in instant
alarm. "You mustn't do it. You'll get
killed. What'd gran'mother say? You
promised her."
"Hetty, you behave! I never promis-
ed gran'mother than when I'd shot a
bear I'd be such a great goose as to
let her get away from me."
In spite of her earnest protestations
he climbed down the side of the pit,
carrying his gun in one hand and a
torch in the other. With an enraged
rush the bear advanced on him. The
first stroke of her ponderous paw put
out his light.
If Pete for a few moments devoutly
wished he had paid more heed to the
spirit of his grandmother's injunction,
he never said so. He backed before his
foe into a corner and then contrived to
get a shot. It caught the bear in the
throat, bringing her to the ground,
where, in her expiring agony, she tore
at the stones with teeth and claws.
Another shot brought this to an end,
and poor Hetty waited in deadly fear
of what the issue might have been.
"Pete!" she called.
"Hurrah! I'm all right, except a
scratch on my hand from her ugly paw.
Pull up, Hetty. We'll go and see about
help to get her out of this."
An enthusiastic knot of men gather-
ed later to assist Pete in securing his
game. The cubs were caught and the
heavy black mass hauled out of the
basin.
"That'll make a splendid robe."
"It'll keep gran'mother warm all her
life," said Pete, in joyful aside to
Hetty.
"I'll give you $50 for it, Pete," said
one of the men.
"Oh," said Pete, "that isn't for sale.
I'm goin' to keep it for gran'mother"
"Pete," said the more practical Het-
ty, "don't you now that half of that
would buy a carpet that would reach
over the whole floor?"
"Yes, and enough flannel to cover
her from head to foot."
There was a little reluctance in Pete's
heart to giving up his first bearskin,
for which no one would blame the
boy hunter, but he yielded, rejoicing
in the comforts which its price, with
that of the cubs, brought to the cot-
tage. There was some money left, and
as he afterward went out to hunt, un-
trammeled now by anything more than
general cautions from his grandmother,
it was with the proud consciousness
that he was the only boy in the coun-
try around who was known to be the
possessor of a bank account.—Sydney
Dayre in Chicago Record.

The Enlistment of Cubans.

According to William E. Curtis, the Washington newspaper correspondent, nearly all the prominent officers who have served in Cuba and Porto Rico have advised the enlistment of the insurgent soldiers into companies under the command of American officers as essential to the peace of the country. As long as they are organized and under orders they will be subject to control, but if they are allowed to scatter and look after themselves they will soon become a terror to the industrious classes, and will depend upon plunder for their subsistence. After the ten years' war in 1878 Cuba swarmed with bandits, nearly all of whom had served in the revolutionary army and were unable to settle down to the monotonous pursuits of peace. Mr. Curtis considers that the experience of President Diaz in Mexico furnishes a valuable lesson for our government in dealing with this class of people. He came into power after a series of revolutions, in which nearly all the peasant class were enlisted on one side or the other, and many of them refused to settle down again into their former occupations. They liked the motion and excitement of army life, and as a consequence the thinly settled portions of Mexico were afflicted with bandits like those of Cuba. They became so numerous that no traveler could cross the country without an armed escort, and every stage was accompanied by a squad of soldiers. President Diaz, recognizing the disposition of this disturbing element, opened negotiations with the principal leaders and organized an auxiliary army, or police force, known as the "rurales," to preserve order and protect property in the country districts. He fed and paid them well, designed for them a showy uniform, and kept them moving from one place to another so as to gratify their craving for excitement. The desperadoes soon discovered that it was more fun to be a "rurale" than a gentleman of the road, and those who refused to join the new organization were soon hunted down and exterminated by their former comrades. In this way Mexico has been made as safe and peaceful as New England, and for the last ten or twelve years no traveler has ever dreamed of needing an escort. A similar arrangement in Cuba would not only give employment to the restless natives, but would provide a valuable police force to maintain order in the island. In this way many of the insurgent leaders might be reconciled to the new order of things, as the most of them are reckless and venturesome spirits who require constant activity and excitement. Early in the war congress passed an act authorizing the president to enlist Cubans in the army, which furnishes sufficient authority to carry into effect the proposed plan.

Hawaiian Needs.

Senators Cullom, Hitt and Morgan, sent as special commissioners to investigate conditions in Hawaii, have returned to the United States, but will not submit a formal report of their observations and recommendations until after the elections in November. To an interviewer, Senator Cullom stated, however, that the commission will recommend a territorial form of government for Hawaii that will embrace a legislature to be elected by the people. Senator Cullom also said:

"The commission gathered a great lot of facts and figures for use in its report, as to the people, their habits, conditions, and what they most require for their betterment. The annexed territory, comprising 7,500 square miles of land, is good for the cultivation of corn, sugar cane, and coffee. The population numbers 109,000; there are 30,000 natives, 21,000 Japanese, 2,000 Chinese, 16,000 Portuguese while the balance are Americans, English, Germans, and French, in about equal numbers.

"The commission will recommend improvements of the harbors at Honolulu, Hilo, and the mouth of Pearl river at once, and especially at the last named place, as that is said to be one of the finest natural harbors in the world. An appropriation of $100,000 will be asked for to dredge away a reef which now shuts ocean going vessels out of the river. Senator Cullom believes the chief city of the territory will be built at that point. It is only six miles from Honolulu. The Honolulu harbor contains only seventy-five acres of anchorage room; consequently the wider area at Pearl river is urged as necessary in the interest of trade expansion. That is where the naval station and fort will probably be established."

Senator Cullom is of the opinion that a cable between Hawaii and the United States is an immediate necessity, but said that the subject of laying one had not been officially considered by the commission.

Indian Wrongs to Be Righted.

Commissioner Jones of the Indian Bureau returned last week to Washington to report to the government the results of his investigation of the causes of the late outbreak of the Pillager Indians. To a newspaper correspondent who interviewed him recently, he said:

"The origin of the whole trouble was dissatisfaction with the handling of the Indians' timber, but the immediate cause was irritation at the frequent arrests of Indians on trivial causes, often for no cause at all, taking them down to Duluth and Minneapolis for trial, 100 miles away from their agency, and then turning them adrift without means of returning home. The Indians were prompted to their outbreak by the wrongs committed on them and chafed under unfair treatment. When I reached there they were surly, ugly, defiant, but soon adopted a conciliatory attitude and finally agreed to negotiate for the surrender of the men wanted. The Indians now will go back to their home and live peaceably, if the whites will treat them fairly, which is very likely, as the whites were thoroughly impressed with the stand taken by the Indians. In this respect the outbreak has taught them a lesson."

The government has ordered an investigation of the system of disposing of the timber lands of the Chippewas, and Messrs. Schwartz and Parks, agents of the Department, who have had much experience in that kind of work, have been detailed to make the inquiry. Secretary Bliss has instructed Commissioner Hermann of the General Land Office to see that no contracts are entered into with the Indians, pending this investigation. The department is determined to remedy, if possible, the abuses reported by Commissioner Jones.

Huge Dam in New York State.

The largest dam in the world is the Quaker bridge dam, about four miles from Kitchawan, N. Y. This great structure is more than a quarter of a mile long and 216 feet thick at the base. It turns the whole Croton river into the aqueducts to New York city. The lake, which holds back 40,000,000,000 gallons of water, is the largest artificial lake in the world.

Squash Biscuits.—Boil one large cupfull of squash and mash fine; add one cup of bread sponge, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sugar. Mix thoroughly with the hands and add enough flour to make a soft dough. Cut in biscuits, and let rise about an hour Bake in steady oven and eat warm

BRITAIN'S BEST GENERAL

SIR H. HERBERT KITCHENER HAS HAD AN ADVENTUROUS CAREER.

Striking Incidents in the Life of This Remarkable Irishman—Having Crushed the Dervishes His Grateful Country is Showering Honors Upon Him.

Like Wellington, Wolseley and Roberts, Major-General Horatio Herbert Kitchener is an Irishman, having been born in the "Kingdom of Kerry" some forty-seven years ago. He is tall, standing full six feet in his stocking feet, and dark skinned—which latter is but natural after twenty years of service in Africa. Finding his commission in the Royal Engineers too peaceful, he fought as a volunteer in the two great European wars of recent times—against the Prussians with General Chanzy's army of the Loire, and against the Czar's soldiers in the Balkans, under Baker Pasha. But most of his service has been in the East, where he first went in charge of a party of surveyors in Palestine.

Here he began to acquire his remarkable knowledge of Oriental languages and tribes, of which many stories are told. For example, at one of his army's camps on the Nile, two Arab date sellers were arrested as suspected spies, and confined in the guard tent. Shortly afterward a third Arab prisoner was hastily bundled into the tent. An animated jabbering ensued between the three, and in a few minutes, much to the astonishment of the sentry, the latest arrival drew aside the doorway and stepped out, remarking: "All right sentry; I'm going to the General."

It was Kitchener. Again, only a few minutes passed when an orderly hurried up, and a spade was handed to each of the two Arabs, who were marched outside the lines, dug their graves, and were shot. They were two dangerous spies and Kitchener had detected them.

Probably because he has thus been a wanderer on the face of the earth—a modern Ulysses, who has very literally "seen many men and known their minds"—perhaps also because he has been a terribly busy man from his early youth, Sir Herbert has never married. In his forty-eighth year he is still a bachelor. But perhaps marriage will come in the near future with all the other desirable things that his grateful country is preparing for him. It is stated in some quarters that his honors for Omdurman will include a heavy money grant, in addition to a peerage.

Kitchener began his career by very slow steps, taking twelve years to gain his Captaincy in the engineers. But directly his chance came his coolness and self-command, his indomitable energy, and his miraculous capacity for hard work marked him out as a man of action. The turning point in his career came when General Sir Evelyn Wood undertook the reorganization of the Egyptian Army. He took service under Wood in 1881, and in 1885 his marvellous knowledge of the native mind and language brought him to the front. He was sent ahead of Sir Garnet Wolseley to deal with the native chiefs and officials whose attitude was uncertain. The following picturesque account of him when engaged on this ticklish mission was written by an enthusiastic admirer of the Sirdar soon after the victory of Atbara:

"The first time I saw Kitchener he was alone and unarmed among the semi-hostile Arabs, endeavoring to persuade them that their interests would be best served if they took part with British and Egyptian forces against the dervish rebellion. It was a strange sight to see this tall, slim, blue-eyed Irishman armed only with illimitable self-confidence and fearlessness, arguing with, and sometimes threatening, the powerful chiefs who, for aught he knew, might have been sworn allies of the tribe that had just murdered Colonel Donald Stewart and Consul Power not many miles further up the Nile.

"When persuasive reasoning failed, he did not shrink from telling these people what their punishment would be when the White Emir and his legions came upon them, meaning Lord Wolseley with the British battalions that were then toiling slowly up the Cataract. Those brave words, in which there was no doubt a touch of boastfulness pardonable in the circumstances, frequently gave rise to angry murmurs and sullen looks, but they were met by the glance of eyes that would not have quailed if looking at grim death—eyes that in such moments glow so curiously that the light in them seems fixed as if suddenly frozen."

It was Sir Herbert Kitchener who went ahead of Sir Herbert Stewart's column with two native guides in the first dash for the wells of Gakoul. Near there a notorious robber leader, who had accompanied the Mahdists in their merciless raids, was surprised and chased by Nineteenth Hussar scouts. He and his few followers would probably have escaped if Kitchener, who was well mounted, had not overtaken them. Alone, and far ahead of the hussars, he closed with these ferocious free-booters, and called upon them to surrender. The cool daring that had so often succeeded told in this moment. Deceived by it into the belief that they were surrounded by unseen foes whom the bold Englishman had at his command, they parleyed and were lost, for this gave the hussars time to come up and make prisoners of the band. It was a bold and characteristic act, which established Kitchener's reputation with British soldiers.

At the crisis of the Dongola expedition, when it became necessary to seize a strategic point, so that supplies might accumulate there before the Nile got too low for river transport, tropical storms of unprecedented violence unknown in those regions washed away sections of the railway on which these supplies were in a great measure dependent. Following upon cholera and other sickness in his corps, this fresh disaster seemed overwhelming. But he stood up against it with characteristic fortitude.

In twenty-four hours the distribution of forces along the line of communication was so arranged that battalions could be set free for railroad work on the railway. He went to inspect several points where great damage had occurred, looked at ruined bridges and broken embankments with the eye of an engineer, told the officers that these things must be repaired in so many days, and then, confident in the effect of that word "must," went away, leaving them to their own resources. Though the task thus set seemed in some cases herculean, it was done, and trains were running again on the renewed line on the very day which he had named for the completion of the work.

Football an Ancient Game.

Football was a favorite game in ancient Greece, especially in Sparta: and the Romans also took great delight in playing it. We get it from England, where it has been played for hundreds of years. Some authorities think it was introduced into Britain by Cæsar, but the earliest mention of it is by William Fitzstephen, in his description of London in the twelfth century. It was much played on holidays, and especially on Shrove Tuesday. At one time it was customary for the men of the different villages in the midland counties of England to play against each other—every able-bodied man being usually pressed into service. Desperate struggles often took place during these matches, which sometimes grew into riots and produced long and bitter feuds. So dangerous did the game become that King James I debarred all rough and violent exercise "as football, meeter for lameling than making able the users thereof." As early played at the great English schools, as Rugby, Eton and Harrow, it gradually changed from being a mere struggle between two sides to kick the ball from one end of the field to the other to one far more intricate. At each school new features were introduced until several forms of the game were developed. About 1860 football clubs began to be formed near the large cities, and soon afterward players began to favor the adoption of a set of rules to govern all English football play, excluding all the brutal features of the game. At first it was found impossible to come to any agreement, but in 1866 rules were adopted in accordance with the views of those who did not favor brute force in carrying out this sport. In 1875 Harvard and Yale played their first game of football according to these rules, and soon afterward it became popular in the colleges. In this country the game is usually played from about the 1st of October till the end of November.—Saturday Night.

The Last of the Delawares.

The proposed exodus of the Delaware Indians from the United States to Mexico is the latest and most shameful commentary in the history of our dealings with the Indian tribes.

These Indians always have been peace Indians. They have not only kept peace with the white man, but they have been his allies and protectors against the savage tribes of the West.

They surrendered the first of their lands to William Penn, and they have been engaged in the same sort of real estate transactions ever since. Their present and last stand is in the Indian Territory, where their neighbors, the Cherokees, are seeking to compel them to put their tribal lands, which they bought and paid for, into a common pool, and the case is now pending in the United States Court of Claims.

They have finally lost faith in the white man and propose to take up their abode in Mexico, where the Indian enjoys all the rights and privileges accorded to other inhabitants and where a land title in the name of an Indian is as valid and lasting as if it were in the name of a ruling don.

The great Chief Logan saw with a prophetic eye the decline of his tribe, but with all his forebodings of the future he could not have imagined such a humiliating end of the Delawares' greatness.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Keys Attached to Rings.

Of the early useful rings the key ring will appeal very strongly to many moderns. This was a combination ring, with a small key taking the place of the seal or gem. This was usually the key to some treasure box which it was undesirable to have anyone open except the owner. It wasn't easy to mislay a key of this kind. One of the Borgias had a ring of this kind with a poisoned needle concealed in the key. An unsuspecting enemy could easily be disposed of by asking him to unlock a cabinet with this ring. If he assented, a slight pressure as he turned the key would discharge the poison into his system. Split rings that could be adjusted to various fingers, double rings, plain on the outside but bearing an inscription or charm on an inner surface entirely concealed from prying eyes, and rings of fantastic shapes departing from the circular, were among those which delighted our very remote ancestors.

A Perfect Pun.

The following is a remark of Sydney Smith, made on hearing a little girl read who persisted in reading "partridges" for "patriarchs." Said the great wit, "She is determined on making game of the patriarchs." A prominent writer declares this to be the most perfect pun he has ever heard.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

How to Restore Old Lace.

To restore old lace which has become yellow make a lather of good white soap and fill a glass jar. Drop the lace into this and set in the sun for a few hours, rinse in cold water, then spread out on a window pane on which the sun is shining.

Dangers in Wall Paper.

It is generally supposed that arsenic is about the only ingredient in wall paper that is capable of inflicting serious injury upon the occupants of papered rooms. It has, however, been discovered that much misery is done by the use of unscientifically prepared pastes by which the paper is applied to the walls. Paste is usually composed of flour to which the glue and other substances are added. These often become damp and are then liable to decomposition. If there is ultramarine blue in the paper the acid chemical unite to form a disagreeable if not dangerous element, the odor in the room may become nauseating from the presence of sulphureted hydrogen gas. Where the paper is applied directly to the plaster there is less danger of disagreeable results, as the lime disinfects and sterilizes the paste, thus preventing the development of disease germs. Where paper is applied in several layers, that previously put on being allowed to remain, and the new paper pasted over the old, the danger is increased. In the various papers thus brought in contact there may be chemicals that, united or mingled by the dampness, will produce most active toxic qualities. It is therefore of great importance to remove all coatings of paper and wash the walls thoroughly before the paper is applied; especially is this the case in sleeping rooms or in apartments that are continually occupied. In cold rooms there is less danger of fermentation of the paste than in those that are heated. Where walls are damp and rooms are kept quite warm sufficient poison may be thrown out seriously to affect the health of an entire household.—New York Ledger.

The Linen Outfit.

Given a cottage or small apartment, self-help and a guest room—required to find what amounts of table linen and bedding are absolutely necessary for the first year in the new home.

Each bed should have for its outfit three pairs of pillow cases for its square pillows, two pairs of sheets which measure a full yard more than the length of the mattress to insure undisturbed and protected covers, two white spreads of a quality easily laundered and light in weight, and two pairs of large, all wool blankets, of which one pair should be bound separately—these constitute the sole essentials. To them may be added a home made quilt and comfortable.

The table linen must include a best cloth for special occasions, three really good ones for general use, and two dozen napkins that will not shed lint.

Of towels there is, theoretically, no limit to the needed variety, practically, however, there are only a few that are absolutely indispensable. One dozen hemstitched huck for bedroom use, one dozen checked linen for china and one dozen crash for the kitchen, all made in yard lengths, besides three roller towels two and one-half yards long, will easily supply the ordinary demand under the conditions imposed.

Of course, sickness, lavish hospitality, or even a delayed weekly wash day would necessitate a large supply in each case. A maxim profitably observed by a successful housekeeper is worth passing on for consideration in this connection: "Expense for essentials only, plus remunerative labor, equals thrift."

With this in mind, one can easily determine how much can or must be added to the supply on hand, when the thoughts of thrifty housewives turn toward the linen closet. Usually one pair of sheets and two pairs of pillow cases are sufficient for the annual replenishing. Two table cloths, one dozen napkins and one-third the towel list added each year will insure ample comfort under ordinary conditions and the added joy of conscious economy.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Recipes.

Butter Rolls—Make a batter as for piecrust, roll it out about an inch thick, lay on a layer of powdered sugar and butter, cut in square pieces and turn into a small roll. Have a baking pan well buttered on the top of the range, place the rolls in this and put in a hot oven to bake. Serve with coffee or cocoa.

Goose Terrapin—Chop enough cold goose to fill two large cups; add one cold-boiled sweetbread, also chopped; blend a quarter-cup of butter with two teaspoonfuls of flour, and pour over it one cup of boiling cream or milk; add the goose and sweetbread, a saltspoonful of salt and dust of cayenne; let it heat five minutes, and just before serving grate over two hard-boiled egg yolks.

Egg Balls—Boil four eggs for ten minutes, put them into cold water. When quite cold, shell and put the yolks into a mortar with the yolk of a raw egg, a spoonful of flour, one spoonful of parsley, chooped, a little salt, a dash of cayenne and a few leaves of tarragon. Rub all well together; make into balls and drop into boiling water. These make a good garnish for a dish of fish.

Piccolili—One peck of green tomatoes, chopped fine. Mix one teacup of salt thoroughly in; let stand over night. While it is draining in colander, under weight, chop three green peppers and four onions, put with the tomato, add one cup sugar, one ounce each of ground cinnamon and cloves, of white mustard seed and celery seed. Mix well, pour over two quarts good vinegar. Heat to boiling. Seal in cans.

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STARTLING

Rumor to the Effect that Capt. L. S. Steuber, of This City, Will Be Court-martialed

It is Claimed that He and Col. J. A. Knerr Advised the Second Ohio Not to Sleep in Camp Owing to Its Awful Condition—Dispatch is Probably a Fake.

The following dispatch from Macon, Ga., is undoubtedly a fake:

There is a strong rumor in military circles to the effect that both Col. J. A. Knerr and Capt. L. S. Steuber, the regimental surgeon, are soon to be court-martialed on charges of disobedience of order preferred by Gen. John G. Bates, commanding the first division of the first corps; but as Gen. Bates has gone to Knoxville, he could not be seen to confirm or deny the report. Both Col. Knerr and Capt. Stueber stated that they knew nothing of the matter beyond what they had heard as common rumor. They gave out the impression, however, that they courted an investigation of their conduct, as it would thus give them an opportunity to disclose some things that they could not otherwise. The orders that are alleged to have been violated by these officers were those of Gen. Bates relative to keeping the men of the Second in camp the first night after their arrival in Macon. The weather was so inclement and the mud so deep that it was impossible to get the camp in shape by night, and Col. Knerr, on the advice of Capt. Stueber, for the sake of the men's health, gave them permission to find lodging as best they could in the city. This action at first met the strenuous opposition of Major John A. Logan, the provost marshal, but when Col. Knerr threatened to report the entire matter to the war department, his objections were hastily withdrawn.

If You Are Not Pleased

With the Coffee you are drinking and have a desire to better the quality, call in and see us this week, and let us show you the choicest grades in the burg. We mean what we say, and challenge the world to offer you even as fine Coffee as we are now putting over our counter. LIMA TEA CO.

Mitchell is now able to finish Photos within a week after sitting.
tu-th sat tf

A complete line of new hacks have been put in by the City Transfer Company. They will be devoted exclusively to funerals, parties, theatres and dances. Leave your order with the City Transfer if you want to be sure you will not miss your train.
tu&sat tf

Rev John Herr will preach in the Union Mission church on North Jefferson street next Sunday afternoon. German language.

FLAXY'S CAKE WALK.

"The onliest one" was a winner. Flaxy and his comrades done it up brown. The galleries were packed, about 300 chairs on the first floor were taken and there was not an inch of standing room, which was quite a compliment to the colored 400. No. 1 on the program was a solo by Miss Hester Curry, better known as colored Patti, who sang "Pumpkin Colored Coon" and as an encore, "Get Your Money's Worth," which was loudly applauded. Next came the Manhattan Quartette, which sang two very pretty selections.

At 9:30 the cake walk was stepped on, with Flaxy in the lead, togged out in a new plumb colored suit, white slippers and a red plug hat.

Clarence Thomas and Miss Sadie Vinegar won first prize, Mr. L. Goins and Miss Anna Howard, second, and Mr. Taylor and sister, Miss Taylor, of Piqua, third, while the large, beautiful and delicious cake was carried off by Geo Williams and lady, (Mr. Wm. Blair.)

This one was so successful in every detail that the committee in charge have decided to hold another cake walk sometime in March in the opera house. A banquet and dance followed.

The sooner a cough or cold is cured without harm to the sufferer the better. Lingering colds are dangerous. Hacking cough is distressing. One Minute Cough Cure quickly cures it. Why suffer when such a cough cure is within reach? It is pleasant to the the taste. H. F. Vortkamp, northeast corner North Main street.

Keeley tells each caller's name in full, tells them what they call for, gives advice on all points of interest; in fact, no matter what may be your hope, fear or ambition, come to this gifted man and find help. He has helped others—why not you? He makes no claim to how he does these things, but simply says them for what they are worth, whether he is aided by man, angel, spirit or devil—that is for him to know and for you to judge. But he says this—if after having a reading and you are not perfectly satisfied with it in full, then you pay nothing. Is this not honest? Could anything be fairer? Hours 9 a m to 9 p m Parlors at 138 Central avenue, corner of High. tf

Many a household is saddened by death because of the failure to keep on hand a safe and absolutely certain cure for croup such as One Minute Cough Cure. See that your little ones are protected against emergency. H. F. Vortkamp, northeast corner North Main street.

CITY NEWS.

Mr. [illegible] is spending the day at Bluffton.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ayers are in Dayton.

Miss Lillian Cowles is home from Indianapolis.

Lee Bamberger left for the Queen City last night.

Gus Marmon and wife are visiting Lima relatives.

Miss Linda Ritzler is entertaining Bluffton friends.

Sol. Blair and family are the guests of T. T. Mitchell.

Mr. E. Metheany, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is in the city.

Jack Davis was down from Columbus Grove yesterday.

Attorney Bently is eating turkey at his home in Bluffton.

Mr. Samuel Collins and family are feasting in Ada to-day.

Mrs. W. K. VanDeGrift is in Sidney visiting her parents.

The Misses Swan are being entertained by Leipsic friends.

Prof. Miller and wife are the guests of Fremont friends.

G. W. Knisely was called to Cairo by the illness of his father.

Mrs. Bert Coates is attending a wedding at Botkins to-day.

J. B. Townsend is spending the day with his family at Chicago.

Mrs. C. M. Hughes is the guest of her sister, Miss Wiley, of Piqua.

Mrs. Wm. Colvin is spending Thanksgiving in Columbus Grove.

E. D. Wallace and wife are entertaining his brother from Springfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Waldorf and Mr. Bert Waldorf, are down from Toledo.

Messrs. Argue and Roth will eat turkey with their families at Buffalo, N. Y.

D. Kesler and wife, of Grover Hill, are spending Thanksgiving in Lima town.

Mr. and Mrs. Meacle, of Toledo, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Cable.

Mrs. Geo. Newson is entertaining her sister, Mrs. J. G. Russell, of Mt. Gilead.

Miss Ella Minter and sister are enjoying Thanksgiving at their home in Arcadia.

Mrs. E. B. Mitchell and son, Frank, are the guests of Mrs. Joe Jones at Muncie Ind.

Richard Shaffer and family are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shaffer of Chesterville.

Charlie Stolzenbach and family have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Plumb of Upper Sandusky.

J. C. Douglass, wife and daughters, Fay and Altha, of Forest, are the guests of relatives.

Mrs. J. S. Good and baby returned to Toledo after a visit with her parents of East Market street.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sain, of North Elizabeth street, are the guests of their son at Columbus.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shaffer, of Chesterville, are visiting Mrs. A. K. Smith and Charlie King.

Mr. Boose, night clerk at the Lima House, is spending to-day with his parents north of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Will DeWeese are enjoying the fat of the land with Mr. and Mrs. Huber, of Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith came up from Dayton yesterday to attend the Bentle-Chaney nuptials.

Mrs. E. A. Metheaney is entertaining her sons from Grand Rapids and Cadallic, Mich., and Galion.

Mr. C. A. Strayer, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. R. O. Bigley, of West Market street, left for his home in DeGraff yesterday.

CARD OF THANKS.

I desire to extend my heartfelt thanks to the Ladies of the Maccabees, neighbors, friends, C. H. & D. road men and yard men for their kindness during the sickness and death of my wife, also for the beautiful flowers. M. A. BOWLUS.

When you ask DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve don't accept a counterfeit or imitation. There are more cases of Piles being cured by this, than all others combined. H. F. Vortkamp, northeast corner North and Main streets.

Two thousand copies of THE NEWS will be given away every Saturday, thereby making it the best advertising medium in the city. tf

GO TO
THE CALIFORNIA
WINE CO.
FOR
RYE WHISKEY
AND
CANDY SYRUP
Coughs and Colds.

APPROPRIATELY

Was Thanksgiving Observed in Lima as in Years Gone By—Its Beautiful Memories.

Sermons Were More Modern But the Turkey Was Served in the Same Old Way, and Happy Reminiscences Were Told—Cup of Joy Running Over and Everybody Has Something to Be Thankful For.

Thanksgiving! Does not the name awaken some pleasant association of childhood days and rouse something like a feeling of joy? How many grown people, tired with the struggles and cares of this life, would not gladly be children again, if they could only forget their worries and weariness, and be soothed to peaceful slumber by a loving mother's song?

How many have never echoed that beautiful wish of the poet:

"Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight;
Make me a child again just for to-night."

Thanksgiving day's beautiful and touching memories are both stirring to the soul and improving to the mind. Men grow better under it; catch higher views of life and duty and strive more faithfully for excellence in all things worthy and commendable.

In this section of the country the pleasures of Thanksgiving day are sometimes greatly intensified by a snow fall—enough at least to make fair sleighing; but this year the "boon" has not come. It is to be hoped, however, that the fates that dispense heat, cold, rain and snow will be exceedingly generous and deal out enough snow by Christmas for good sleighing and freeze all the ponds, so that the boys can play the old game of shinny on the ice and shout out on the crisp, "crimpy" air, "Shinny on your own side."

HOW THE DAY WAS OBSERVED.

Thanksgiving in Lima to-day has been observed as in past years. The sermons may have been more modern; the menu at the hotels more attractive; the foot ball game more fierce, but the turkey graced the table as of old. The cup of joy is full, even to overflowing. Everybody should be able to find something to be thankful for. The man who determines to be contented can find cause for rejoicing in many things which would be good grounds for lamentation for the pessimist. Thanksgiving is also a great day for family reunions, and many such have been held to-day.

IN FISTIANIA.

Kane and Nolan Will Again Come Together in a 20 Round Go.

Next Tuesday at Dolphus Edward Kane and Patrick Nolan, who fought recently at Uniopolis, will scrap again in a 20 round glove contest. The setto will be pulled off in the evening.

A special train from this city will be run to accomodate the sports.

Nolan seems to be the favorite.

TO-DAY'S SPORT.

Thanksgiving Day is Always Marked With a Round of Athletic Feats.

Great Game of Foot Ball This Afternoon and the Mounted Broadsword Contest for the World's Championship—Thrilling Events.

The great game of foot ball between the Y. M. C. A.'s and Springfield is in progress this afternoon at Faurot park.

The local team has put in some hard, fast practice and are as a result playing the best game ever seen in the city. They are in fine fettle, and the team that downs the city's favorites to day must be of the best. Winemiller is back at his old position and strengthens the team wonderfully, Faurot playing full back:

The following is the line-up:

LIMA.		SPRINGFIELD.
M. Rupe	L. E.	Cross
Bressler	L. T.	Altes
Heffner	L. G.	McCord
Christen	C.	Anderson
Johnson	R. G.	Gaylord
Winemiller	R. T.	Larrick
E. Rupe	R. E.	Fruey
Overy	Q. B.	Parsons
Binckley	H. H. B.	Engenberger
Stocks	R. H. B.	Laughbaum
Faurot	F. B.	Baugham

MOUNTED BROADSWORD CONTEST.

Immediately following the football game will come the great athletic event, namely, the broadsword contest between Capt. Duncan C. Ross, champion swordsman of the world, and Peter Nagel, of Germany. The contest will be a thrilling one. Capt. Ross will ride the horse of Dr. Baxter.

Go to Fenner Bros. for Carbonette Photos. They are fine and are at reasonable prices. 1 3

A cough is not like a fever. It does not have to run a certain course. Cure it quickly and effectually with One Minutd Cough Cure, the best remedy for all ages and for the most severe cases. We recommend it because it's good. H. F. Vortkamp, northeast corner North and Main street.

AT MACON.

Mrs. Capt. L. S. Steuber Visiting Her Husband in Georgia Camp.

Second Ohio Soldiers are Camping in the Mud and Condition of Affairs is Not Pleasant—Mess Established at the Hotels and in the Streets.

A dispatch from Macon, Ga., says: The condition of affairs at the Second Ohio's camp is not entirely settled yet, as the continued rain has not served to make the camp sight any more agreeable. A large amount of baggage has not yet been unloaded from the cars and will not be until the roads dry out somewhat.

Few of the officers eat in camp. The field and camp have established a "mess" at the Olympia hotel and the line of officers is scattered at various places around the city.

The sun is shining brightly to-day, drying up the mud quite rapidly, and the boys are beginning to assume a happy, contented disposition.

Little or no discipline was attempted by the officers until to-day. The boys roamed the city at will, but were very orderly and gave the provost guard no trouble whatever. The guard is composed of two companies of the Third regiment U. S. Engineers. Major John A. Logan is provost marshal. Passes are now limited to 5 p. m.

No drill ground has yet been located, and as the movement to Cuba will probably begin within a few weeks, it is not likely that much drilling will be done in the present camp.

The regimental hospital has not yet been established, and until it is the Second's sick are being cared for by the engineers. When the Ohio boys left Knoxville there was not a sick one among them. Now there are twenty, as a result of the exposure incidental to the movement and the poor camp.

A large number of soldiers who have recently returned from furloughs were to-day paid in cash at the rate of 25 cents per day for the rations they did not draw while absent from their companies.

A large number of ladies, wives of officers, followed the regiment from Knoxville to Macon. Among those who are here is Mrs. Captain L. J. Stueber, of Lima.

Mitchell has the only ground floor gallery in Lima. Best Platino Photos at lowest prices. tu-th-sat tf

Late to bed and early to rise prepares a man for his home in the skies. But early to bed and a Little Early Riser, the pill that makes life longer and better and wiser. H. F. Vortkamp, northeast corner North and Main streets.

The Stage.

"Finnigan's 400" is the title of Murray & Mack's new play, and in one they appear in at the opera house to-night. Murray & Mack are comedians of ability and their plays have always been popular here. The comedy is full of music and specialties.

"AT PINEY RIDGE" FRIDAY.

The Toledo Commercial of Tuesday says of "At Piney Ridge" which comes here Friday night: One of the simple stories of love's triumphs and reverses skillfully entwined in mountain life which have brought fame to a score of American authors' feet is "At Piney Ridge," like a breath of sea air to the invalid, for the blase theatrical goer to watch the homely life and rugged characters here interpreted and see the old story of the sweet passion depicted in impressive pictures. Love, love is the same over, the same in the mountaineer's cabin as in the palatial mansion.

The company is unusually strong, and led by the author, a most accomplished actor, David Higgins, as Jack Rose, the hero, it gives a most refreshing delineation of the characters intended to portray.

W. L. Grove, in advance of Hal Reid's "Knobs of Tennessee," is in the city.

Next Thursday night, Hal Reid's beautiful "Knobs of Tennessee," will appear at the opera house. Mr. Reid is the author of the play, also, of "Human Hearts."

Mitchell is getting up some fine work for holidays. tu-th-sat tf

Fenner Bros. gallery will be open all day Thanksgiving. 1 3

TO THE GROUND.

The Home of Thomas Fennessey was Burned Early Tuesday Morning.

At an early hour Tuesday morning the home of Thomas Fennessey, residing north of the city, was totally destroyed by fire. The fire's origin is a mystery. The loss was covered by insurance.

Mr. Fennessey is a well known dairyman.

Constipation prevents the body from ridding itself of waste matter. DeWitt's Little Early Risers will remove the trouble and cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Inactive Liver and clear the Complexion. Small, sugar coated, don't gripe or cause nausea. H. F. Vortkamp, northeast corner Main and North street.

A Popular Success!

The Metellus Thomson Dry Goods Co,'s Semi-Annual Hat Sale.

---Every Trimmed Hat in Our Millinery Department at One Half Price.---



Twice a year, Summer and winter---after the [illegible] of the season, we inaugurate our Half Price Sale of Trimmed Millinery---with the large stock of Trimmed Hats that we carry for the selection of our customers, adding each day to this stock, nevertheless, we naturally find at the end of our busy season [illegible] Hats to close of.---To quickly do this and rid ourselves of [illegible] we have ordered to the ladies of this vicinity every

HALF PRICE SALE.

THIS SALE CONSISTENCES TO-DAY.

The Metellus - Thomson Dry - Goods : Company

STORES 233-235 NORTH MAIN STREET, LIMA, O.